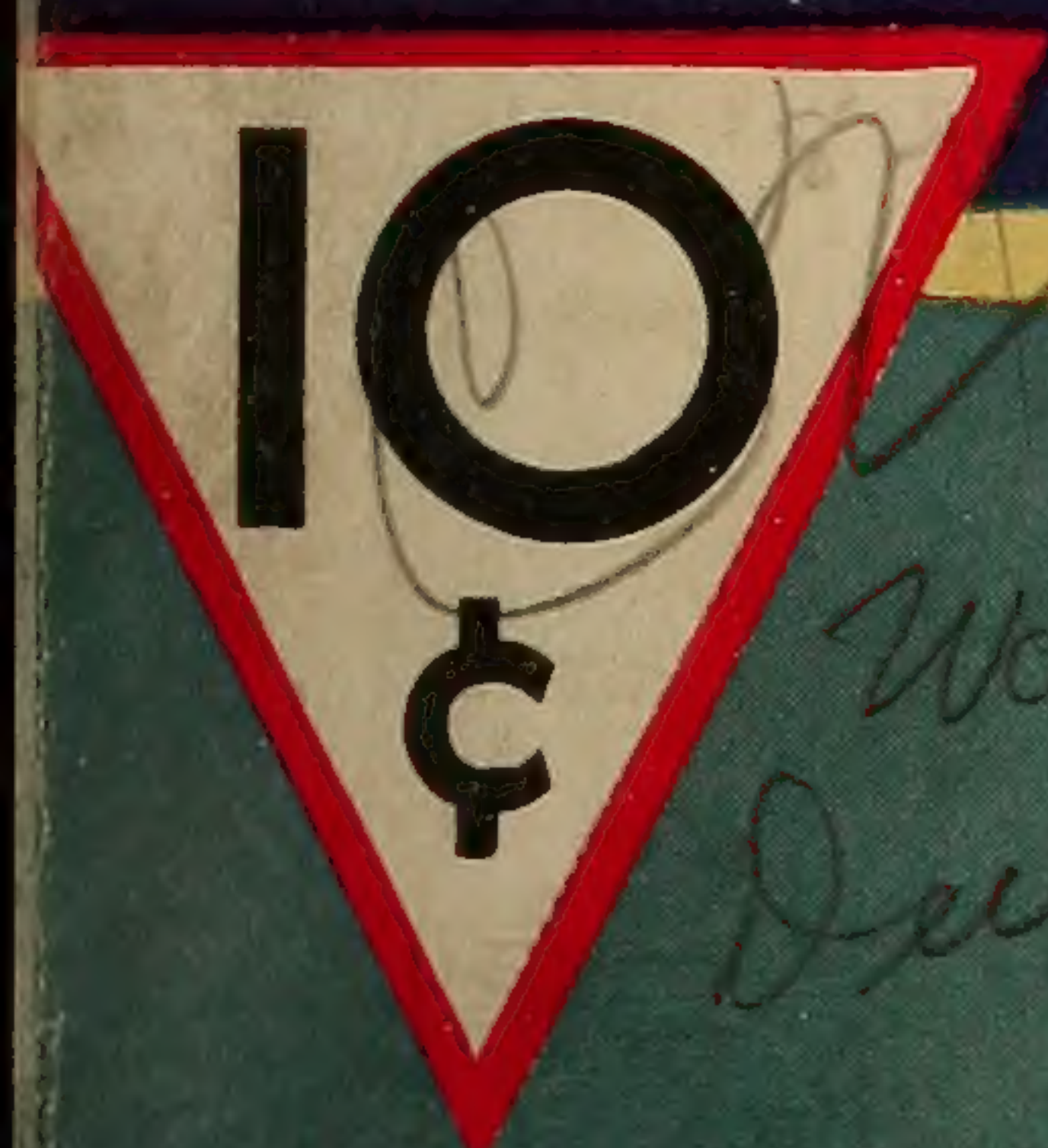


MOVIE CLASSIC

SEPTEMBER



In Canada
15c

MARLAND
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This Is
Jean Harlow
With Her NEW
Red Hair!

New Favorites
Fight to Dethrone

GARBO and GAYNOR

Read Story on Page 41

PN 1993
M744

A New and Amazing Development in Talking Pictures!



For the first time you hear
the hidden, unspoken
thoughts of people!

Norma Shearer
Clark Gable

IN EUGENE O'NEILL'S GREAT DRAMA

STRANGE INTERLUDE

Something new in talking pictures! And of course, it comes from the magic studios of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, producers of "Grand Hotel" and so many other important screen entertainments! This Pulitzer prize winning play by Eugene O'Neill has been called the greatest romantic drama of our times. It ran a year and a half on Broadway. On the talking screen you will find it an unforgettable experience. Directed by ROBERT Z. LEONARD.

with

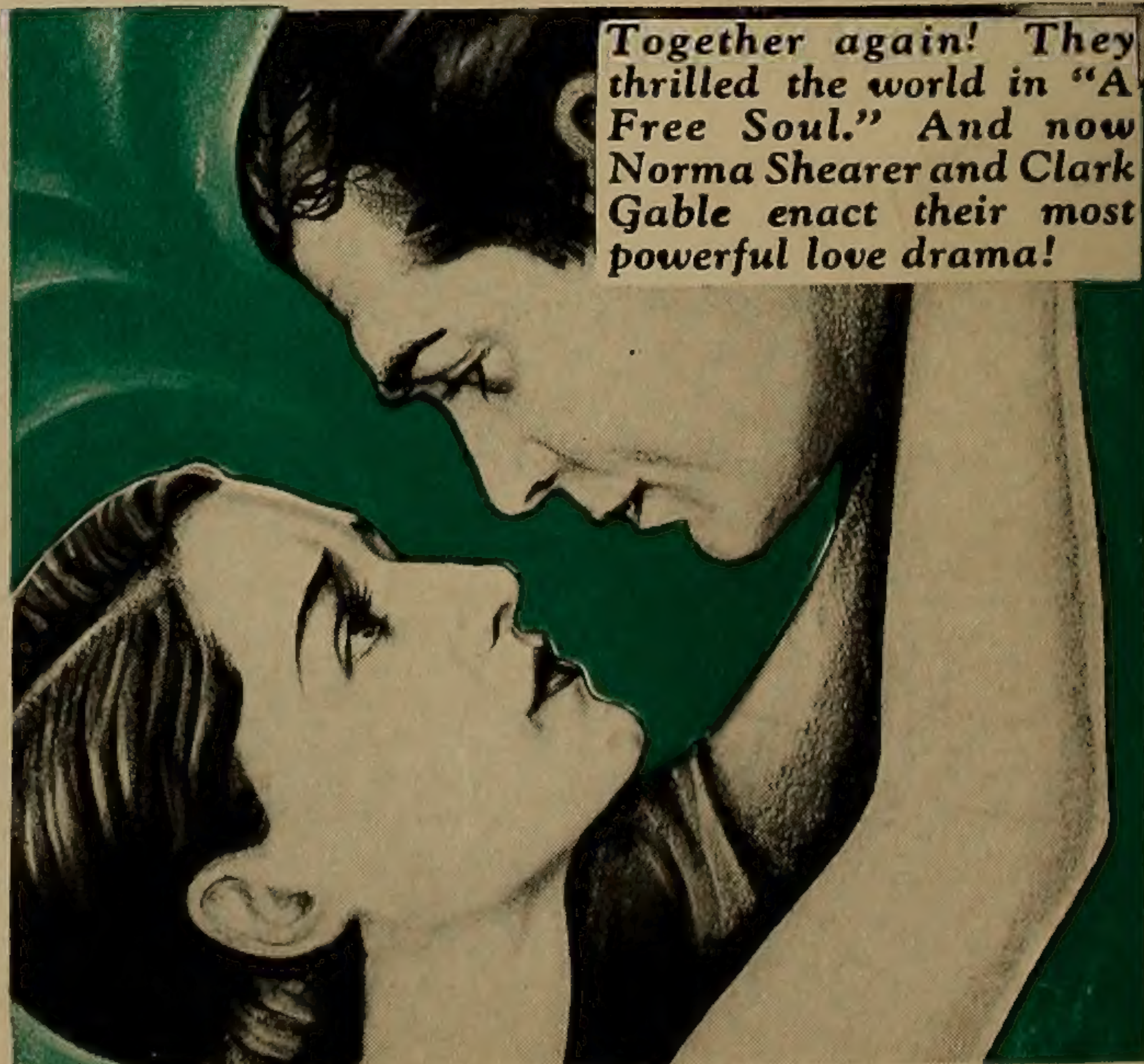
ALEXANDER KIRKLAND • RALPH MORGAN
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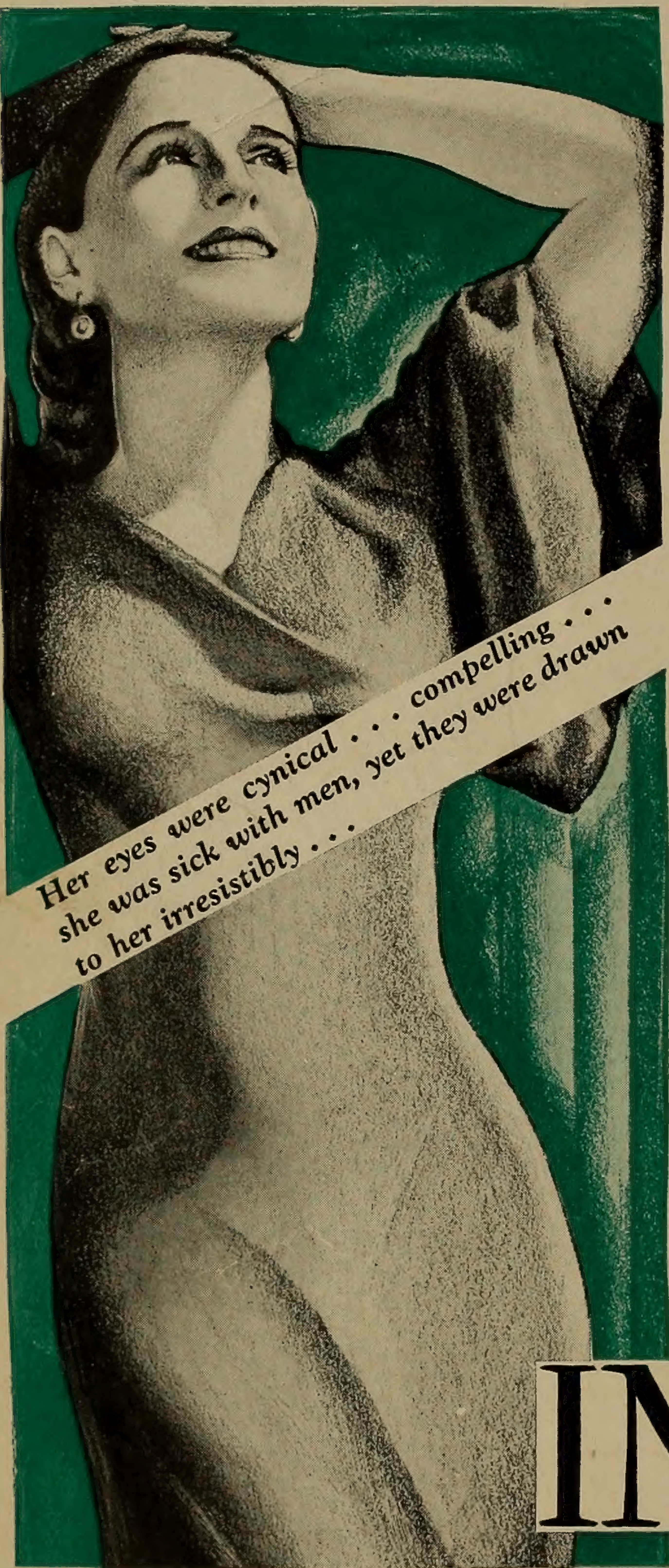
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America's greatest playwright, reaches the height of his glory in this masterpiece.



Douglas Shearer
Chief Sound Engineer of M-G-M, whose amazing invention makes this picture "different."



Together again! They thrilled the world in "A Free Soul." And now Norma Shearer and Clark Gable enact their most powerful love drama!



Her eyes were cynical . . . compelling . . .
she was sick with men, yet they were drawn
to her irresistibly . . .

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WHAT A FOOL SHE IS!



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But lets her gums get flabby
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LET her powder her nose ten times a day —if she wants to! But it might be well for her to remember that every time she laughs or talks, men look at her teeth, too! *Everybody* looks at them!

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you find "pink" on your tooth brush.

Know about "pink tooth brush"? Do you know that it not only can dull the teeth, but can lead to gingivitis, to Vincent's disease, even to pyorrhea? Do you know that it may endanger the soundness of your teeth?

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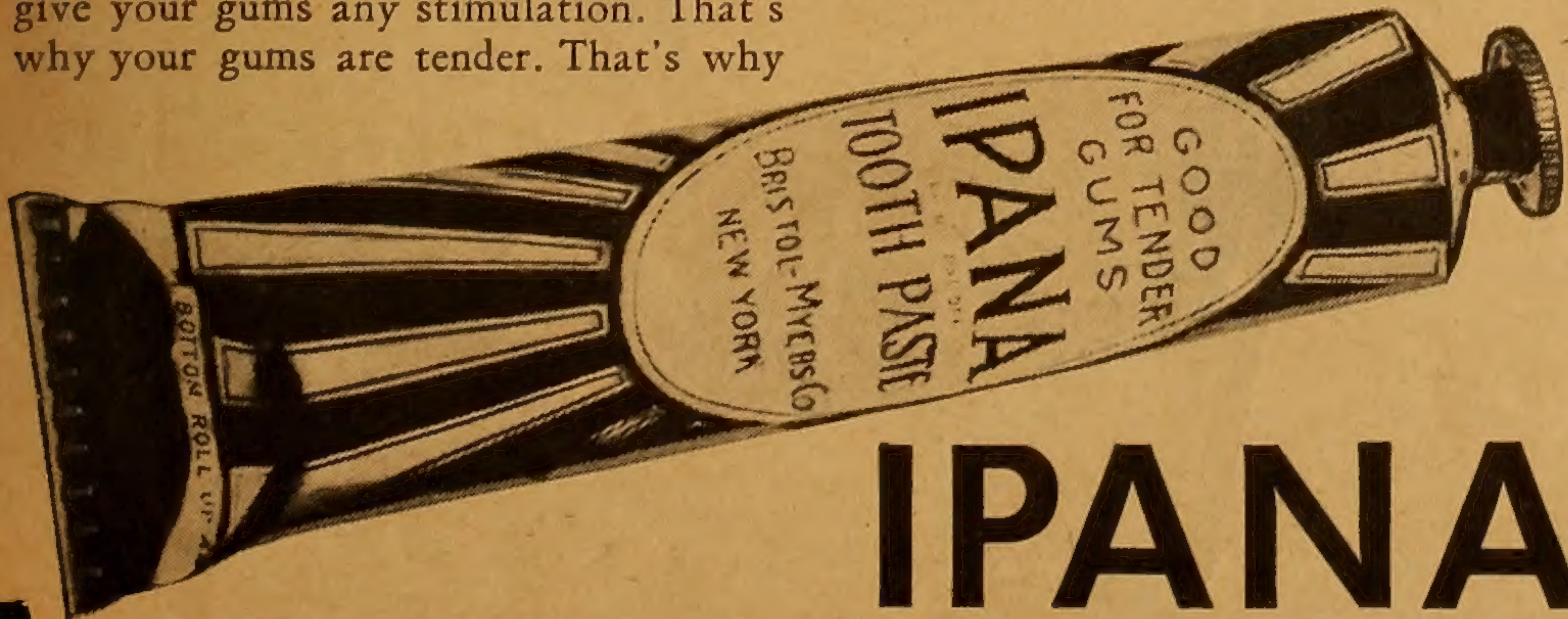
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AND WATCH FOR —

"The Big Broadcast" with Bing Crosby, Stuart Erwin, Burns & Allen, Boswell Sisters, Cab Calloway, Mills Brothers, Arthur Tracy (The Street Singer), Maurice Chevalier in "Love Me Tonight" with Jeanette MacDonald, Charlie Ruggles, Charles Butterworth and Myrna Loy. Harold Lloyd in "Movie Crazy". "A Farewell To Arms" with Helen Hayes, Gary Cooper and Adolph Menjou. "The Phantom President" with Geo. M. Cohan, Claudette Colbert, Jimmy Durante, Gene Raymond, Frances Dee. And more to be announced later.

MOVIE CLASSIC

VOL. 3 No. 1

SEPTEMBER, 1932



WILL Sally Eilers DETHRONE Janet Gaynor ?

With Sally becoming more popular and more powerful every day, will Janet be able to remain queen of their studio? Her crown has never been threatened before—but the heroine of "Seventh Heaven" never had to reckon with an Eilers before. And right behind Sally are three other girls advancing to challenge her queendom, too!

But Janet's danger is not hers alone. No queen in any other studio is sure of HER crown, either. Constance Bennett, Greta Garbo, Ruth Chatterton, Marlene Dietrich—they all have their powerful rivals to worry about.

In this issue you will read the story of the new favorites who are challenging the reign of the old—the inside story of the biggest Battle of the Beauties in Hollywood's colorful history!

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HERMAN SCHOPPE, Art Director

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MOVIE CLASSIC comes out on the 10th of every Month

BETWEEN OURSELVES

WHAT this country needs, besides some money in its pockets, is a good ten-cent movie. Why the de luxe motion picture houses—"palaces," I believe they're called? Can't the pictures be built big enough and good enough to sustain themselves, without gilt and velvet and gaudy stage shows (for which we are socked royally)? Why make a three-ring circus out of movie showmanship? The picture is still the thing, and no matter how good it is, it is worth only a quarter. And a dime would be even better.

BISHOP CANNON, whose temperance activities apparently don't keep him busy enough, has been booming again. This time he declares that the movies are a "social menace," and if they don't reform pretty soon, he'll sic Congress on 'em. The Bishop should get a stronger pair of glasses, and try to see that the morals of the movies aren't half so bad as their finances. In the words of M. H. Aylesworth, new head of RKO, they're on the verge of bankruptcy. And he isn't giving away any secret when he says so. It's common knowledge. Look at how low movie stocks are on the stock market.

UNLIKE most people who can tell you What's Wrong With The Movies, Mr. Aylesworth has some remedies to suggest. Cut those fabulous film salaries, and standardize them—so that Susie Grapefruit wouldn't have to worry lest her deadly rival, Rosie Blush, should be doing less work and making more money. Make fewer pictures (saving money that way)—and make them better (so that they'd sell like hot-cakes). Hire the most efficient players—even if you have to go outside your own studio to do so.

SOME of the geniuses of Hollywood apparently haven't heard—but the public is sick of looking at so-called actors and actresses whose features would shame Venus and Apollo. That's why Gable and Cagney and Ann Dvorak and Helen Hayes and Paul Muni and Leslie Howard have made such hits. They have more brains than beauty, more talent than make-up.

YET producers, here and there, are still busy taking some well-rounded unknown and pushing her into a rôle, without any stage experience or even screen experience. I thought that that nonsense was over when talkies came in, but apparently producers haven't yet learned their lessons. They still can't get the idea out of their heads that sex appeal is just as important as acting ability, or even more important. It isn't. Look at Garbo. Nary a curve, and she is the greatest favorite in the history of the screen.

HOWEVER, the producers have taken one big step—and in one respect are no longer cutting off their noses to spite their faces. They are "loaning" each other top-flight players to bolster up casts. Last month, I told you of the stars who were then on loan. This month, there is a much larger list.

M-G-M is loaning Lionel Barrymore to RKO for "Sweepings," Karen Morley to RKO for "The Phantom of Crestwood," Leila Hyams to Paramount for "The Big Broadcast," Jimmy Durante to Paramount for "The Phantom President," and Nils Asther to Columbia for "The Bitter Tea of General Yen."

Fox has loaned Charles Farrell (of the Gaynor-Farrells) to Warners for "Central Park," and Elissa Landi to Paramount for "The Sign of the Cross."

Paramount has loaned Jack Oakie to Universal for "Once in a Lifetime," Nancy Carroll to Warners for "Son of Russia," Richard Arlen to Warners for "Tiger Shark" and Lyda Roberti to United Artists for "The Kid from Spain."

Warners are loaning Warren William to M-G-M for "Sky-scraper Souls." RKO has loaned Irene Dunne to Universal for "Back Street," Universal has loaned Paul Lukas to M-G-M for "Downstairs," and Columbia has loaned Constance Cummings to Harold Lloyd for "Movie Crazy."

THERE has always been a certain loaning of minor players between studios. But here are top-ranking players being exchanged. That's something new—and encouraging. Pictures ought to be better, if studios can shop around for the right people to play them.

BUT helping the other fellow (and being helped) won't do a bit of good unless there are decent stories for the loaned players to work with. When you stop to think that one studio is planning about sixty pictures for next year, and another is planning fifty, and another forty, and so on, you begin to realize why there aren't more pictures worth seeing. There just aren't that many good stories to go around; there aren't that many good stories in all the books and magazines published in a year. That's why the studios ought to cut down on their programs. Give us good stories, or give us none. And another thing that would help—trading of stories, the way trading of stars has started.

WHETHER she thought of it or not, Jean Harlow's marriage to Paul Bern is going to add to her popularity, and not do otherwise. The women who have hitherto resented Jean's single state will now feel that she isn't a potential rival any more. Sounds silly, that they could have thought she was in the first place—but they did, as the poisonous letters that Jean has received from her sisters-under-the-skin have told her. (Ain't human nature grand?)

CHAPLIN came back from his long holiday abroad with a Utopian scheme for the refinancing of the world, having all the nations deposit so much gold in a big international bank . . . and presented the spectacle of *Pierrot* weeping at the world's grief.

JOAN CRAWFORD, getting away for her first vacation in a long time and her first trip to Europe, is thinking of the day when life will be just one long vacation. When she reaches her peak, she's going to take one last curtain-call, thank everyone for the good time she has had, and bow out gracefully. She isn't quite certain how she'll know when she has reached that high estate, but she doesn't think she's there yet. There is much more that little Joan plans and hopes to do before she blows us a farewell kiss. Wonder what that day will be like?

FOR me, the big movie thrill of the year has been "Strange Interlude." But one thing in the picture jarred on me. That was the passage that explains its title: "The only living life is in the past and future . . . the present is an interlude . . . strange interlude, in which we call on past and future to bear witness we are living." In the play, it was a thought of *Nina*, the heroine, expressed in an "aside." In the movie, it breaks into the action toward the end as a straight, old-fashioned subtitle. And we don't go to the movies to read any more. We go to *hear* these days!

THEY have shortened O'Neill's five-hour play to two hours without harming the story a bit. (The censors will no doubt attend to *that*.) And in one very important respect, the picture is an improvement on the play. That is in the presentation of the famous "asides," which reveal the characters' thoughts. On the stage, the actors had to turn aside to utter these lines to the audience. On the screen, these lines are uttered without their lips moving; you hear their voices, and their mobile faces give expression to their words. The effect is startling and fascinating.

APOLOGIES are in order to Katharine Cornell, the greatest of all the Broadway stars and the only one who won't act for the movies. She may *look* silly in saying "no," but she isn't. And she isn't high-hatting the amusement of the masses. She just loves the theatre too well to leave it, for any price. That's her story, and she'll stick to it. Personally, I like it.

SOMEBODY has called the movies "the mirror of the times." Oh, yeah? Then why haven't we seen even one picture about the great army of the unemployed—one little picture showing how one man and one woman fought the blight of no work and no money, and won?

Larry Reid

\$6000 REWARD FOR SOLVING THIS MYSTERY!

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detective in this
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"THE PHANTOM OF CRESTWOOD"

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winning answers will not necessarily be anything like the ending which has
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KAREN MORLEY
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She Takes Off Her Hat**



The hair the new hats are showing must be free from gray. Streaked, fading hair is unbecoming. Spoils a well groomed appearance. Keep ALL your hair one even shade but avoid that artificial look by using the most modern type of preparation, clean, odorless, not greasy, that leaves a soft, youthful shade, of so NATURAL a texture a hairdresser cannot detect it. Any shade. Harmless as your lip-stick. \$1.35. For sale everywhere.

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Movie Classic's Letter Page

Each month, MOVIE CLASSIC gives Twenty, Ten and Five Dollar Prizes for the Three Best Letters published on this page.

\$20.00 Letter

Denouncing the Censors

THE question of whether or not our pictures should be censored is one that is almost on the same level with prohibition. I maintain that we are not the morons the Board of Censors would make us out to be.

No producer could last who would dare to insult our intelligence as the censors do. Neither would any producer who continually brought out immoral issues be successful. Therefore, why not let us judge what constitutes a good picture?

Why couldn't we see that great picture, "Scarface," as it was produced? Wasn't every scene in it something which actually occurred right here in our own country? Did you have to bow to the lords of gangland and turn "Scarface" into another ordinary gang film? They even tried to kill the picture before it was completed. The picture was so mutilated in the process of trying to please you censors that a great vehicle was destroyed.

Are the censors under the impression that we do not know that the forces of law and order are not strong enough to cope with this menace? The only way to combat this present day evil of organized crime is by aroused public opinion and this will not come about if the masses are kept ignorant of conditions as they really exist.

If the motion picture censors would bear in mind that they are in a position to serve the public and use a little discretion in the handling of their power, we would get some films which show conditions as they are.

IRA BILLAG, Yonkers, N. Y.

\$10.00 Letter

Tone Down Sex Angle

WHEN sex finds its way out of the bedroom, out of the home and into the cinema—and it remains there as the master theme of every drama—then most all of the art, practically all of the entertainment and most of the intrigue of the drama is gone and so long as they allow actresses of Jean Harlow's caliber to step into the rôle of "Red Headed Woman" and in so doing pronounce her the cream of the crop from which they had to select—then, my dear Gaston, this beautiful country of ours will again be a barbaric, uncivilized prairie land and children of fifteen will be Grandmothers.

"One Hour with You" was divinely clever. Sophisticated. One hundred percent entertainment. Half of the adults didn't understand the French chappie's eyebrow raising and those as did found him and the entire cast of this picture pleasing and par excellent entertainment.

"Red Headed Woman" was obvious. A child in the cradle with an ambitious mind could have understood it as it was meant to be understood. It was awkward, cheap and dingy and no percent entertainment.

Our charming hosts,

the producers, might exercise some degree of discretion to excellent advantage and check off those of the latter category as tabooooo.

HARRIET SALISBURY, Independence, Mo.

\$5.00 Letter

Greta Stands Alone

GARBO, to make a self-evident statement, stands alone. Not necessarily supreme, but alone.

There seems, therefore, to be no reason for speculating on a possible successor to her, except that, like a cross-word puzzle, it gives the human mind something to do besides teach school, manage apartment houses, and wash dishes.

Can you recall now any of the pretenders to the throne of Valentino? Neither can I! And history has a funny habit of repeating itself.

We don't want another Garbo, any more than we want another Bernhardt or another Duse. It is absurd, to me, to think that such marked individualities as these can be supplanted. They may be copied, badly or wonderfully; they may, and probably will, be transcended; but they cannot lose the peculiar niche which they have dug out for themselves.

Instead of trying to create Garbos or even anti-Garbos, the studios might better set themselves to work to discover more young women who can act as well as Garbo, not like her. Furthermore, a few men who can emulate, not imitate, the gentle dramatics of Paul Lukas would not be amiss.

EDITH M. GLASTRE, Glendale, Cal.

The Screen's Homely Men

WE shall all have to agree that the movie industry could never have reached its present degree of success if it had not been for the handsome men featured in the productions. They receive sufficient credit for what they do. The female fans see to that.

But, ever since the days of good old Theodore Roberts, I have been conscious of the real value of those always-to-be-depended-upon males who are *not* so handsome.

To-day, in practically every picture, we find one or more of these artists carrying responsible parts. Many a box office success would have been a complete "flop" had it not been for the work of some unassuming male actor who lacked the classic features of a Barrymore, or the suavity of a William Powell, but who had a vast amount of personality and ability.

The movie industry owes much to the men of the screen who attain success through ability rather than through so-called "good looks." Come on fans! Let's give a good old-fashioned cheer for the homely men of the movies—they deserve it—and especially for the greatest of them all—Wallace Beery!

CHAS. F. WEBB,
Maryville, Tenn.

Become a Critic—Give Your Opinion—Win a Prize

Here's your chance to tell the movie world—through MOVIE CLASSIC—what phase of the movies most interests you. Advance your ideas, your appreciations, your criticisms of the pictures and players. Try to keep within 200 words. Sign your full name and address. We will use initials if requested. Address Letter Page, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York City.

Fortunes were Won Quickly In the Gold Rush of '49



And today
Solve this puzzle correctly—
QUALIFY—
and enter our contest in which
\$6800.00 in prizes will be given

WHEN, in 1848, gold was discovered in California, the news spread as if carried on the wind. And by 1849 the Gold Rush was on! Covered wagon days—days of the “forty-niners”! From all parts of the United States they came, and from all corners of the world, as far away as China—rushing to find their fortunes. Excitement ran high—workshops closed, business houses closed, farms and offices were deserted by people who took the Overland Route to California in search of that precious yellow metal—Gold! San Francisco became a city over night, and fortunes were won quickly.

A magic word—GOLD! A laborer, John Marshall by name, discovered it in California, quite by accident, while cutting a millrace for Captain John Sutter on the Sacramento River—just as you, now, in turning these pages, have quite by accident discovered this \$3,500.00 prize offer. This may be your gold strike!

E. H. BEUSTER, Room 82
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A nationally known corporation now makes its bid for greater advertising and publicity in new communities. That is the reason for this advertisement. When the news of the awards of the prizes is sent out, scores of new people are going to receive prizes in our big prize distribution. You, yes you, may be the winner of \$3,500.00 in Cash.

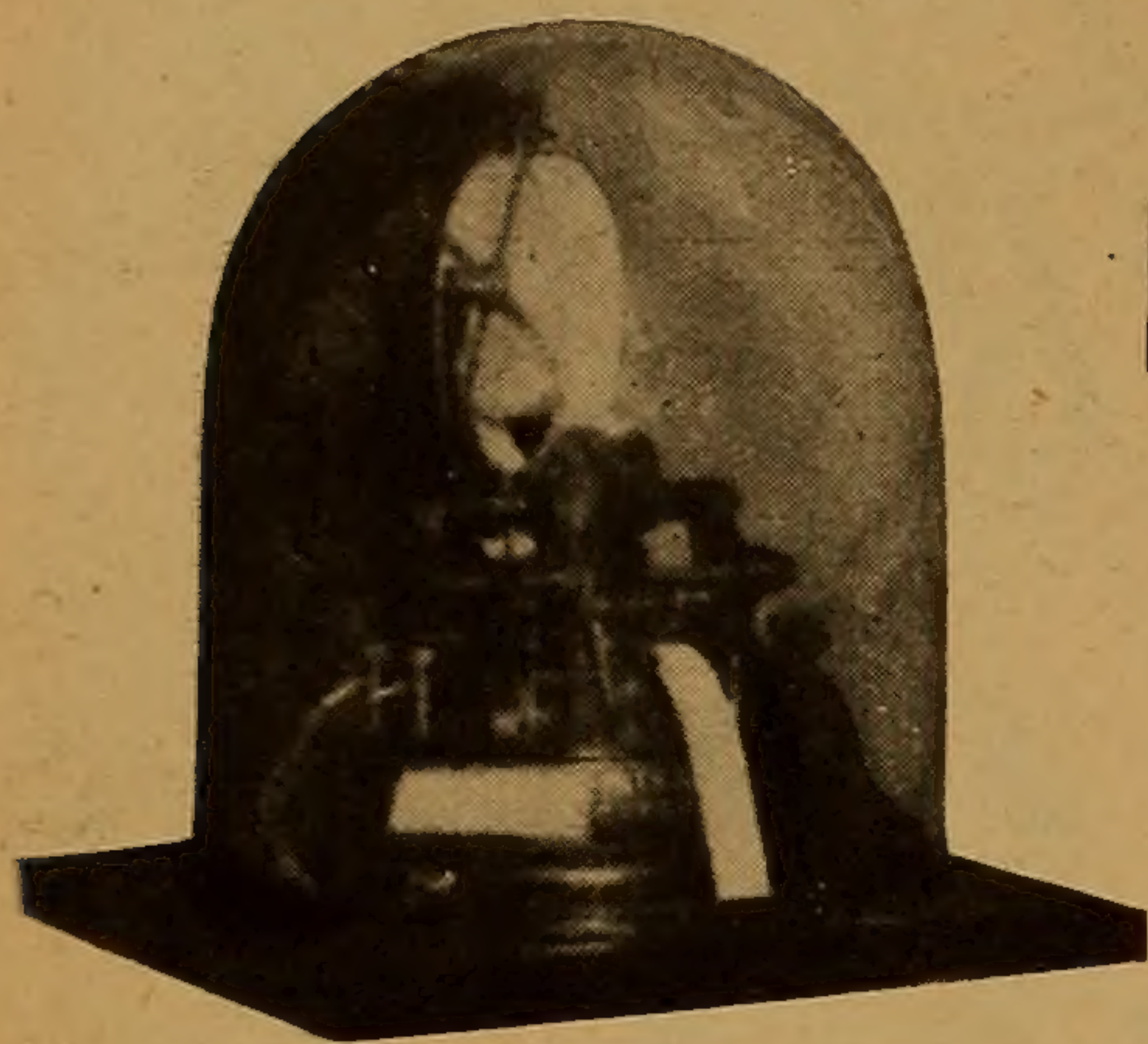
You have today as good an opportunity as any “forty-niner” to win your fortune—\$3,500.00 in Cash. At a lucky moment you turned to this advertisement. If you are alert, you may hit upon the one answer, the only one that is correct, for the interesting puzzle contained in the above illustration. Read carefully the directions which follow, then try your luck with this fascinating picture test.

At first glance you may see nothing puzzling about the picture above, but there is a real test combined therein. There are eleven covered wagons, each of which we have numbered. Two of them, *and only two*, are exactly alike in every detail. Some have striped patches on the covers, others solid black, etc. The identifying marks are on the wagons and not in oxen or shadows. Just two wagons are identical. Perhaps it will be your good fortune to find them.

If you think you can find the two covered wagons that are exactly alike, just write their numbers on a post card or mail them in a letter. Send no money, but send your answer now, today. If your answer is correct you will be eligible to compete in Chicago's most liberal contest for those who do not live in Chicago. You will be notified at once if your answer is chosen as correct.

\$3,000.00 is the first prize.
An extra
\$500.00 Promptness Prize.
In accordance with the rules
makes total
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TICKER TALK



HOLLYWOOD QUOTATIONS

BY
MARK DOWLING

RALPH FORBES: "I AM AS DEVOTED TO MISS CHATTERTON AS IF SHE WERE MY SISTER, AND I THINK SHE SHARES THE SAME FEELING FOR ME!"..... INA CLAIRE: "PEOPLE SEEM TO THINK I'M STILL IN LOVE WITH JOHN GILBERT. I'M NOT."..... JOHN BARRYMORE: "MOTHER AND BABE ARE THRIVING—YOU MAY SAY I AM DOING VERY WELL MYSELF!"..... GEORGE JESSEL: "HOW CAN NORMA TALMADGE AND I GET MARRIED WHEN WE'RE BOTH MARRIED ALREADY?"..... LILY DAMITA: "GILBERT ROLAND AND I ARE JUST FRIENDS . . . SIDNEY SMITH? . . . WE ARE FRIENDS, TOO!"..... BING CROSBY: "I PROTEST AGAINST THE WORD CROONER—CROONERS SING SOFTLY . . . I RAISE MY VOICE TO FULL STRENGTH"..... MAY McAVOY: "I'M GOING BACK INTO PICTURES IN THE FALL"..... HARRY EDINGTON: "GRETA GARBO HAD ONLY AN INSIGNIFICANT AMOUNT IN THE BEVERLY HILLS BANK—A FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS."..... MAE WEST: "I NEVER WEIGHED MORE THAN 119—IN MY RÔLES I AM ALWAYS THOROUGHLY PADDED"..... CHARLIE CHAPLIN: "I'M REPUTEDLY A COMEDIAN BUT AFTER SEEING FINANCIAL CONDITIONS I HAVE DECIDED I'M AS MUCH AN ECONOMIST AS THE ECONOMISTS ARE COMEDIANS!"..... JOSEPH SCHENCK: "I CAN'T BELIEVE NORMA WOULD GET A MEXICAN DIVORCE WITHOUT CONSULTING ME ABOUT HER PLANS!"..... RUTH CHATTERTON: "THE TERMINATION OF MY MARITAL RELATIONSHIP WITH RALPH FORBES DOES NOT MEAN SEVERING OUR PROFESSIONAL RELATIONSHIP."..... JEAN HARLOW: "PAUL BERN AND I WERE SURPRISED OURSELVES!"..... LESLIE HOWARD: "STATEMENTS DEROGATORY TO THE TALKIES ATTRIBUTED TO ME ARE ABSURD"..... HOLLYWOOD REPORTER: ". . . WHEN RUTH CHATTERTON RETURNS SHE WILL MARRY GEORGE BRENT!"..... EDNA MURPHY: "I ASKED MERVYN TO COME BACK TO ME BUT HE ALWAYS REFUSED"..... LOUELLA PARSONS: "WHEN THE DECREE IS FINAL THERE IS EVERY REASON TO BELIEVE MERVYN LEROY AND GINGER ROGERS WILL TAKE THE FATAL STEP"

"Every actress should know what parts are best suited to her. I do. That's why I refused to play the 'heavy' rôle they offered me in 'Thirteen Women.' I couldn't have done it," says Zita Johann, the Broadway star who became the talk of the town when her seven year contract with RKO was dissolved by mutual agreement, following the casting difficulty.

"Zita is leaving town for good," a famous columnist reported the next day, but it wasn't true. Zita played opposite Eddie Robinson in "Tiger Shark" and she will soon appear as the squaw heroine of "Laughing Boy" for Universal.

Brilliant, poised, and very definite in her opinions, Miss Johann becomes a member of the Hollywood literati by her admission that she "reads books—anything but popular novels. I like Proust, for instance. And I love music, not jazz but Chopin and other classics. My mother taught me to play the violin as a child."

With brown hair and eyes, and a square determined chin, Miss Johann is interesting and vital rather than merely pretty. Frank in her estimate of herself, she admits that she is honest, impulsive, and apt to be vindictive....

Her trouble with RKO did not result from mere temperament, as the gossips whispered, but because, she says, "After my success on the stage in 'Machinal' I was afraid of the movies. Of what they might do to me. You see, I have a certain standard to bear."

"My part in 'Laughing Boy' suits me perfectly. I'm Hungarian by birth, though an American citizen, and I think I look the right type."



"I don't care how big or small a part is, I'll take it if there's a chance for real characterization," says Russell Hopton, who, in two years on the screen, has become known as one of the most versatile actors in Hollywood.

"That probably accounts for the fact that I worked steadily as a free lance and made pictures for every studio in town. I've played colorful bits and real parts—gangsters, doctors, heroes and villains. . . .

"Since signing my contract with Universal I've made half a dozen pictures, and at the moment we're filming 'Once in a Lifetime.' It's odd that I play the fellow who comes to the coast and 'goes Hollywood.' Personally I never lunch at the Brown Derby, attend premières, or any of the other things that make up the Hollywood merry-go-round.

"I've been married to a non-professional for five years," Hopton confides. "Happily, too. I'm a temperamental actor and my wife's just the opposite. Maybe that's why we get along."

"I've been film salesman, furniture salesman, property man and assistant director under D. W. Griffith. Then I went on the stage, in stock."

Over the footlights Hopton appeared in "Night Hostess" and "Lulu Belle," so he brought good stage experience with him to the screen.

"I haven't any hobby," he adds. "I like almost all sports and right now am concentrating on golf. I do *not* wood-carve, though from what I hear that seems to be the fashionable indoor sport of the moment."



TAKING IN THE TALKIES

LARRY REID'S SLANT ON THE LATEST FILMS

STRANGE INTERLUDE

I'm proud to inform you that, no matter how "Strange Interlude" affects you, you will not forget it. It's an experience you'll talk about, after you untangle your emotions. They have pared down the five hours of Eugene O'Neill's stage play to two hours on the screen—but the story of his frustrated heroine and the effect of her steadily mounting tragedy on those whose lives are bound up with hers is still there in all its emotional intensity. Norma Shearer, as *Nina*, loses her crispness and touches greatness; Clark Gable, as *Dr. Darrell*, her lover, is newly, intensely sensitive; Alexander Kirkland, as *Sam*, her husband, is convincingly harmless; Ralph Morgan, as *Marsden*, the sharp, old-maidish friend, is bitingly amusing. Their changes from youth to old age will amaze you; the way in which their inner thoughts are revealed will fascinate you. There was never another picture like this!



WHAT PRICE HOLLYWOOD?

The original title of Constance Bennett's newest triumph was "The Truth About Hollywood," and I think they were wise to change it. As it is, you don't have to wonder if you should believe this or that—and can just sit back and enjoy the comedy, pathos and melodrama as they happen along. It is Hollywood's most successful effort to date to dramatize itself—and there will be a drove of imitations. It details the rise and fall of a star—a waitress who is discovered by a clever, seldom sober director, skyrockets to fame, marries well, is torn between marriage and career, and eventually is involved in ruinous scandal. Connie adds spontaneity to her charm, and gives what I'd call the best performance of her life. At that, Lowell Sherman, as the director, comes perilously close to stealing another picture. Neil Hamilton, as her husband, is as jealous as you'd be, in his place.



THE PURCHASE PRICE

In her latest picture, Barbara Stanwyck is a combination of the heroine of "Ten Cents a Dance" and the young *Selina* of "So Big"—and the result I found worth watching, principally because of Barbara. The story won't startle you. She starts out as a night-club girl, loses her wealthy suitor, and To Get Away From It All, buys out a girl-friend who is getting a husband through a matrimonial agency, and becomes the wife of a farmer in the West. Considering that the tiller of the soil is George Brent, it's a bit surprising that the two don't get along. As it is, they have to go through fire (literally) to discover that they love one another. And this fire scene, in which fields of grain flare up at night, is the big punch of the picture. Barbara, as always, is as real as the girl next door—and much easier to look at. George doesn't have much chance to be a lover.



UNASHAMED

The scenario of this courtroom drama was based on certain dramatic news stories from a Philadelphia suburb last year, with an added touch here and there for camera effect, and new dialogue. But the basic situation is the same. The wealthy lover of a young society girl compromises her, and is killed by her brother. At his trial for first degree murder, she turns against him—"unashamed." Up to this point, the action follows familiar lines, but from here on, it flames up and almost sets fire to the celluloid. Helen Twelvetrees brings the unhappy, free-souled girl into sharp outline—and Robert Young (you'll find a story about him on page 56) makes her brother a tense figure. The scene I'd suggest your watching for is the one in which Lewis Stone, as the defense lawyer, tells the girl just how men are put to death in the electric chair. John Miljan, whose rôles are at last getting larger, is a potent prosecutor.



LADY AND GENT

The title is as unattractive as "Min and Bill," and if I don't miss my guess, it will be every bit as big a hit. It isn't the same kind of story, but it doesn't lack a thing. And on top of everything else, it has a new George Bancroft—no longer cocky, bellowing and swaggering, but human, down-to-earth, pathetic, amusing. The "Lady" of the title, Wynne Gibson, is also a new person—and as appropriate with the new George as soda is with bitters. George is an ex-prize fighter who doesn't quite know what it's all about, but is determined to find some of the happiness of life—and does his searching with a night-club girl who's a little bit tired of it all. Their adventures and misadventures—some dramatic, some moody, some comic—will get under your skin. The dialogue is a match for the acting, and that is saying a mouthful—a Joe E. Brown mouthful.



REBECCA OF SUNNYBROOK FARM

As a prominent Engineer once said, this is a noble experiment. There has been a rumor out Hollywood way (which is the darnedest place for rumors, anyway) that What The Public Wants is a return to the sweet and simple film fare of the good, old days. So Fox made "Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm." Too bad the boys didn't wonder why Mary Pickford, who's a pretty smart show-woman herself, was willing to sell them the talkie rights to her old hit. For *Rebecca* just isn't a 1932 girl. The story, as you remember, concerns the noble efforts of an orphan girl to see the sunny side of life, no matter how hard her two old maid aunts bear down on her. Like *Rebecca* (even with Marian Nixon playing the part), the situations seem old-fashioned, and the dialogue sounds outdated. The fine photography outclasses the scenario.



N Our Hollywood E I G H B O R S

GOINGS-ON AMONG THE PLAYERS

By MARQUIS BUSBY

ABOUT the most world-shattering news of the month in Hollywood concerns the breath-taking fact that Lupe Velez is going to do a female Tarzan on the screen. Alongside of that, floods in Texas, conventions in Chicago and Jean Harlow's red wig fade into oblivion.

Loop-the-Lupe will don a panther skin and go leaping around trees in studio back-lots. Maybe she can make over one of her eleven (or is it fifteen?) fur coats into a nifty jungle sport-suit.

We don't know how Johnny Weissmuller, Mr. Tarzan, himself, feels about a lady rival. Maybe he doesn't care. Maybe he's even glad. Those jungles in "Tarzan" did look pretty lonesome, with nothing but a lot of monkeys and elephants to make chat-chat with. And New York spies report that Johnny and Lupe became awfully good friends when Mister Weissmuller paid a visit to the main stem.

As if this weren't enough about jungle folk, Universal clambers on the band wagon with the announcement that they're going to have a Tarzan, too. Their mass of muscle is James Pierce, who Tarzan-ed it for FBO several years ago.

It'd be kinda fun to see 'em all in one picture, and why can't it be arranged?

to rush "front and center" and find it's all a hoax. Even a fishworm must have some feelings.

LAWYERS have been reaping a nice harvest from the film people recently. Evelyn Brent got sued by a book store on an overdue account. That lawsuit made some kind of history in our town. Imagine a movie star being sued for books! Ricardo Cortez got sued for \$111 by his golf club, which seems like a nice round sum. So

easy to remember. And Constance Bennett got sued by her agents. A brave man read the court summons to Connie, standing sixty feet from her on the Malibu sands. Connie glowered from a window of her seaside manse, probably wondering if her aim was good enough to hit him with a flower pot. Claire Windsor is being sued for \$100,000 for alienating somebody's affections. Divorces on the fire include Eleanor Boardman and King Vidor; Norma Talmadge, contemplating one of those quickie Mexican divorces from Joseph Schenck, and we do hear tell that love is growing colder and *colder* between Greta Nissen and Weldon Heyburn.



If you can imagine such a thing, one of the girls got a "ringer" playing horseshoes—and they can't decide which did it. Meanwhile you get a good look at Phyllis Fraser and Mary Mason, RKO's latest starlets

YOU hear such funny things around Hollywood. Don't let this worry you too much, but Walter Futter, the fellow that makes the novelty shorts for Columbia studios, comes forth with some startling information about Mother Nature's eccentricities.

He says there is a river in South America that runs real vinegar, and that there is a stream in China which is as red as blood and a river in Peru in which a dark-haired beauty can dive and emerge with henna tresses. Now that last tidbit is *really* interesting. It has so many possibilities. Does it just color the hair, or would the lady come forth looking like Pocahontas in an Elk's Club pageant?

And right in Southern California—just within a stone's throw of Hollywood, if you really want to throw stones—there is a man who can call fishworms out of the earth merely by whistling. Interesting enough, but betcha the fishworms are pretty mad when they drop their business

THE best snicker-snicker anecdote of the month is the one Harrison (columnist) Carroll tells of the excited conversation between two picture actors.

"Say," began the first one, "I was just over to a director's office and walked in without knocking. And what do you suppose? He was kissing a beautiful girl."

"Yeah," said the friend, "and who was the girl?"

The actor whispered her name.

"You don't say! And who was the director?"

"What do you think I am," the first actor asked, indignantly, "a cad?"

TEMPUS fugits—and how!

This fall Jackie Coogan puts on his "frosh" cap and goes to college. "The Kid" is seventeen now, and it seems like only a couple of yesterdays since he was that

cute, little tike who acted with Charles Chaplin. He even has dates with the girls these days.

IT'S all right for Greta Garbo to be a lady hermit if she wants to. Greta has the Indian sign on Hollywood, and no one would protest if she decided to move into a cave in the hills and live on roots. But it's too much for a lot of people having Ann Harding go Garbo on us.

Ann, very much embittered about all the gossip which followed the dignified announcement that Harry Bannister and she would no longer be Mr. and Mrs., has decided to give no more interviews to the press. Moreover, she has had her telephone disconnected. The only communication that trickles into her hilltop house from the outside world comes by telegrams. A *hard-berled* watchman stands guard at the gate and he has forgotten the pass-word.

In the meantime it has been whispered that Ann isn't any too happy about her next picture—that pioneer story which will co-star Richard Dix and herself. She knows that after two mediocre pictures she needs a good one now as never before. Apparently she feels that this one about frontier days is not the opus to turn the trick.

THERE is something of a re-assortment going on between the Hollywood romantics right now. Lily Damita, who has been going places with Sidney Smith, has been stepping out with Carl Laemmle, Jr., who previously was giving the heavy rush to Cecelia Parker. Dorothy Lee, who didn't hesitate to proclaim her preference for Marshall Duffield, blond football star, is seen out with Russell Gleason. James Dunn, who changes his girls as often as he does his shirt, is all hot and bothered again about Maureen O'Sullivan. Billie Dove (still maintaining her standing as Hollywood's most popular belle) after being beau-ed by Gilbert Roland and George Raft, is being kept very busy by Austin Parker, Miriam Hopkins' good friend, but estranged husband.

IN an age when gallantry and neatly turned compliments have practically disappeared, we thought C. B. DeMille's comment on Elissa Landi was just too delightful.

"She has to-day in her body, tomorrow in her spirit, and the spirit of the ages in her eyes," says he.

Elissa, you know, is going to be the Christian girl in C. B.'s next picture, "The Sign of the Cross."

Quick, Meadows, get out that book on the language of the flowers. I want to send Elissa a bouquet, and, by golly, it's going to say something, too.

GARY COOPER, in some annoyance, arises to remark that he isn't in love with anybody. Gary has only to look toward a lady and the papers report an engagement. Hollywood has worn itself thinner than a Slim Summerville shadow over the friendship between Gary and the Countess Frasso. Typical of the town, it entirely overlooked the rather important fact that there is still a *Count Frasso* some place in the picture.

Tallulah Bankhead, who, gossip would have you believe, was pining away with unrequited love for the tall Montanan, isn't much bothered any more. They say there's a young English actor she sorta likes, and she has also cast an eye in Joel McCrea's direction. And winning Joel is *some* job. More than one Hollywood girl will admit to that.



Critics Acclaim
GREATEST PICTURE OF THE YEAR!

"AMERICAN MADNESS"

DARING, SENSATIONAL THEME—CLOSEST TO EVERYONE'S HEART TODAY!

A dramatic thunderbolt challenging the nation, it hurls a smashing answer to the burning question of the hour!

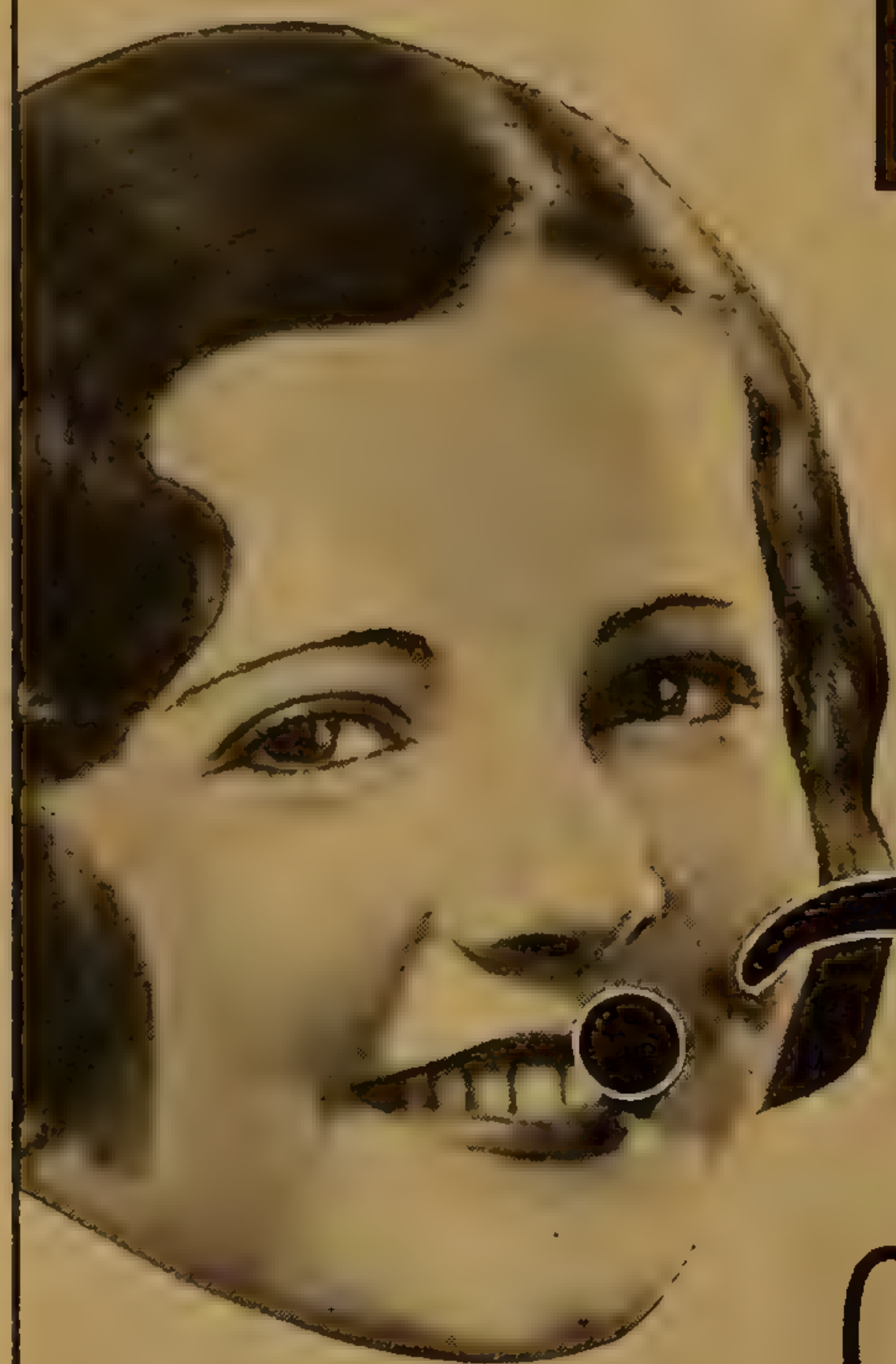
Hearts aflame in a whirlpool of tremendous thrills and the most spectacular dramatic scenes ever filmed!

You must see it—you'll love it!

WALTER HUSTON
PAT O'BRIEN — CONSTANCE CUMMINGS
A FRANK CAPRA Production
A COLUMBIA PICTURE

Ask your theatre when it will show "AMERICAN MADNESS"

QUESTIONABLE BREATH



can't be cured by
**QUESTIONABLE
MOUTHWASHES**

*Use LISTERINE . . . it has a 50 year record
of positive results*

You probably realize that halitosis (unpleasant breath) is the unforgivable social fault, and take precautions against it.

But are you taking the right precaution? Are you sure the mouth wash you use can cure halitosis? How do you know that it possesses any deodorant effect whatever? What evidence have you that you are not throwing your money away on questionable mouth washes with little or no deodorant power? There are hundreds on the market.

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When you want to be sure that your

breath is sweet, wholesome, and agreeable, use Listerine—and Listerine only. It is the quickest of deodorants, the swiftest of antiseptics.

Its deodorant effect is a matter of scientific record with physicians, surgeons, and nurses. Because of its remarkable deodorant properties, Listerine has been specified in the treatment of suppurating wounds for the past 50 years.

Sweetens breath instantly

Clinical tests now show that Listerine, used as a mouth wash, instantly overcomes odors that ordinary antiseptics cannot hide in 12 hours.

A second series of tests against the onion odor revealed even more startling superiority. While Listerine overcame the odor almost immediately, the other mouth wash advertised as being effective in dilutions of three to one, could not hide the onion odor in 24 hours.

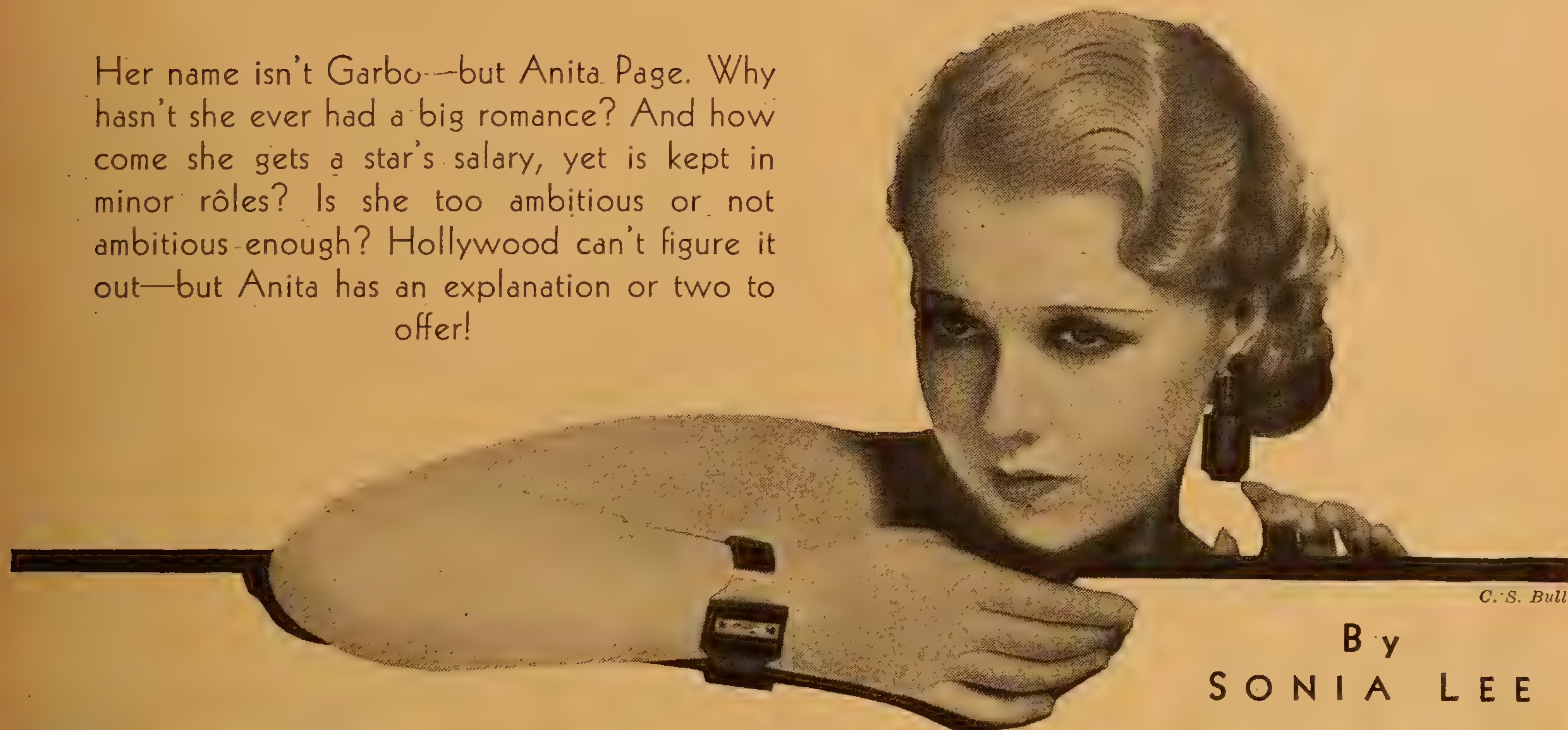
When you buy a mouth wash, in the hope of keeping your mouth clean and fresh, and your breath sweet and agreeable, don't gamble with solutions without reputation or record of performance.

Ask for Listerine . . . the antiseptic mouth wash you can depend upon. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Missouri.

instantly ends **HALITOSIS** *(bad breath)*

MOVIE CLASSIC

Her name isn't Garbo—but Anita Page. Why hasn't she ever had a big romance? And how come she gets a star's salary, yet is kept in minor rôles? Is she too ambitious or not ambitious enough? Hollywood can't figure it out—but Anita has an explanation or two to offer!



C.S. Bull

By
SONIA LEE

The Girl That Hollywood Can't Figure Out!

THE greatest mystery in Hollywood is not Garbo," said Director William Van Dyke recently. "It is Anita Page." Anita Page—the honey-haired girl who overcame the handicap of being introduced to the films under the conspicuous auspices of front-page Harry K. Thaw; the girl who started blazingly some five years ago and now is playing minor parts at a star's salary. To-day she is Hollywood's most perplexing enigma.

Anita Page is a paradox on the Hollywood scene. Until a year ago she was under the constant chaperonage of Papa and Mama Pomares—even on beau-dates! Hollywood raised quizzical eyebrows, and asked: Why? The wonder grew with the years.

As a newcomer to the screen, she scored sensationally in "Broadway Melody," but contrary to the usual studio custom, a brilliant performance was not rewarded with other meaty rôles—and Anita Page became virtually a "bit" player.

A "bit" player—yet she maintains a steady, amazing popularity. *Her fan mail is third in volume on the Metro lot!* College boys choose her as their favorite actress in campus balloting. Mussolini, as recently as a year ago, declared her to be his favorite American star. Which should have meant the dawn of a big future for any ambitious young player.

But Anita continued to draw uninteresting, uninspiring,

minute rôles. Hollywood couldn't dope it out—and started to speak of the Page Mystery.

Hollywood's Attempts to Explain Her

THE movie village began to weave fantastic tales and offer a variety of reasons. They sum up to something like this:

1. That Anita Page was not sufficiently ambitious.
2. That she was too ambitious; and so made the women stars on the lot jealous.
3. That a blazing emotion was absent in Anita Page—and made her incapable of great interpretations. And that the studio, hoping that some day she would awaken, kept her on under contract, in the belief that potentially she was a great star.
4. That her parents inhibited the girl—and thus deterred her development and smothered her talent.
5. That no one was greatly interested in Anita Page—and so she had failed to realize her latent possibilities. This has been said with Joan Crawford in mind—who, in five years, has developed from a chubby hey-hey girl into a great dramatic artist.
6. That someone of importance was so interested in Anita Page that her contract was safe—and she did not need to be great.

There are other reasons and conjectures. They verge on

(Continued on page 64)

NEW FAVORITES FIGHT *To Dethrone*

GARBO and GAYNOR

It is Joan Crawford's ambition—and intention—to snatch up the crown that Greta has dropped at M-G-M. Three rivals—Sally Eilers, Marian Nixon and Joan Bennett—have risen to dispute Janet's long supremacy at Fox. And the queens of other studios—Marlene Dietrich, Ruth Chatterton and Constance Bennett—are all fighting to keep their thrones. The Battle of the Beauties is on!

By DOROTHY DONNELL

A NEW war is on in Hollywood, and every studio is a battleground. It is the Battle of the Beauties. The thrones of the long-established Queens of the studio lots—the Garbos and Gaynors and Bennetts and Chattertons and Dietrichs are in danger. Their reign over the hearts of moviegoers is being challenged by upstart beauties, who have dared to stage revolutionary successes in their little empires and are fighting to dethrone them. Long accustomed to being deferred to by supervisors and directors, tyrannical with producers, bowed down to by studio photographers and publicity men, and acknowledged as supreme by their fellow players, the reigning queens of the studios are now making desperate efforts to keep their thrones.

On the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot in Culver City, Garbo has ruled, unquestioned, for three years. Pretenders to her throne, and dangerous ones—such as Joan Crawford and Norma Shearer—have stormed her position, but have not been able to take it. There has probably never been a movie star who has so overwhelmed her studio. Since her first great victory over the producers, which she won by a siege of silence, no one has ventured to oppose this strong-willed Swedish girl. Publicity departments do not venture to ask her for picture sittings. Interviews are forbidden by special edict. Strangers are kept from her by imperial command. Her isolation is matched only by royalty itself.

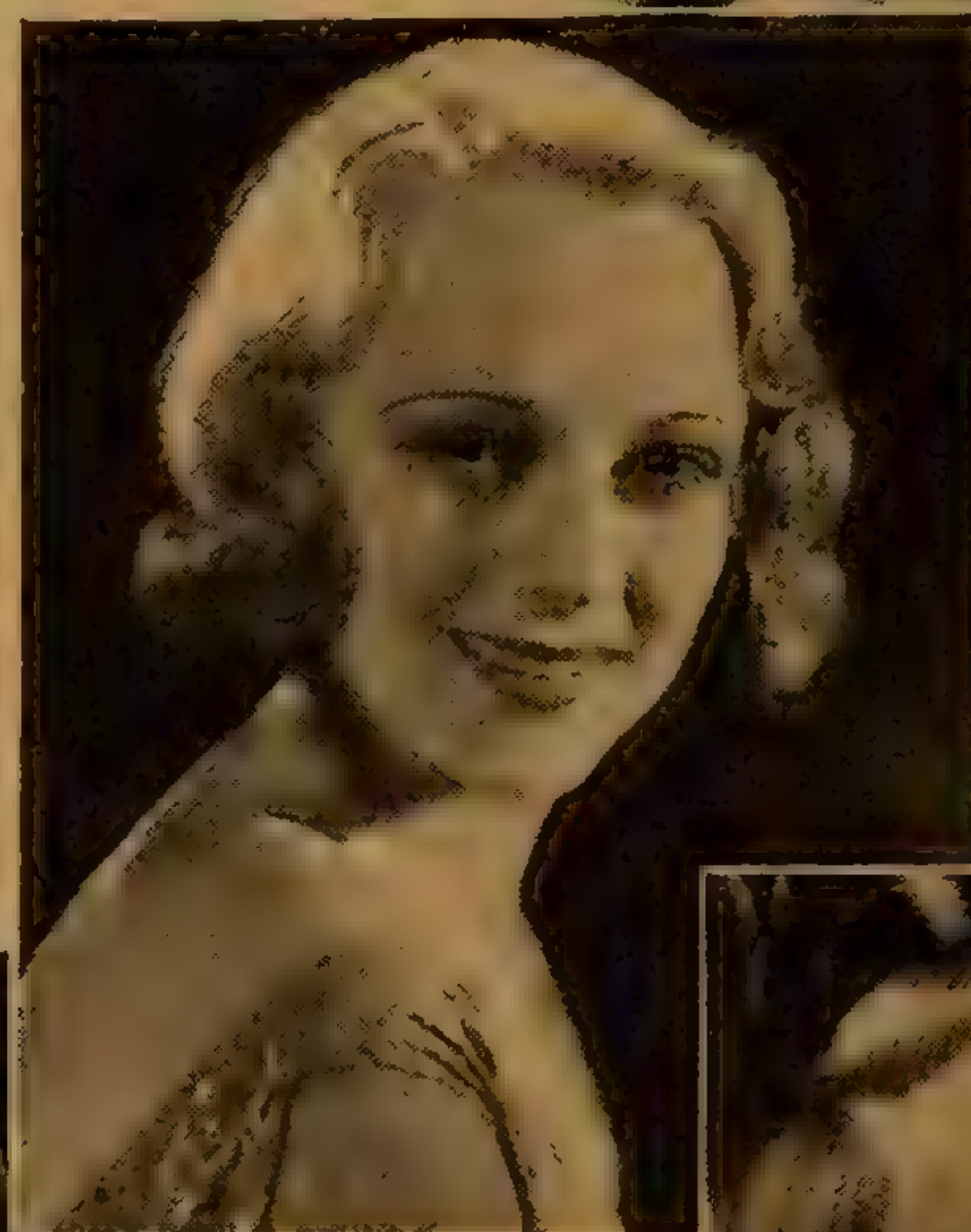
"I am telling you the absolute truth," Louis B. Mayer, head of the company, said in reply

to a question from MOVIE CLASSIC, at the expiration of Garbo's contract, "when I say that I do not know what Greta Garbo's plans are. She has told us nothing. We are as much in the dark as you or anyone else except Garbo, herself."

Sally Eilers (right) is the girl Janet Gaynor is watching. Ann Dvorak (left) is Ruth Chatterton's big worry



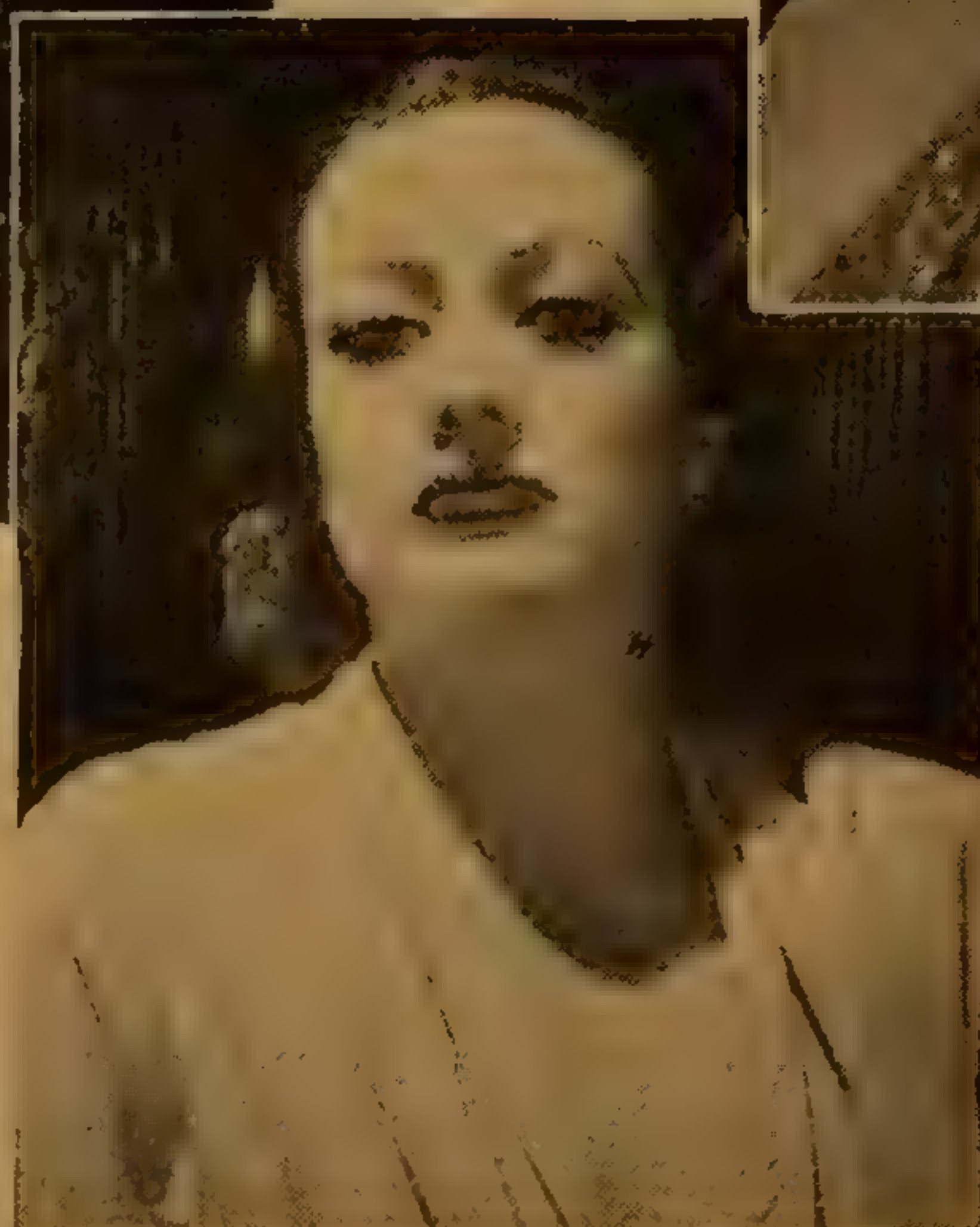
Ann Harding (above) won RKO's star dressing-room from Connie Bennett



Poultony
In "Grand Hotel," Joan Crawford (left) didn't let Garbo out-act her



Richee
Tallulah Bankhead, who queened it in London, is a threat to Marlene Dietrich



Lippman



C. S. Bull

Garbo, queen at M-G-M, has apparently abdicated and many wonder if she didn't suspect her throne was in danger. Janet Gaynor (top right), queen at Fox ever since "Seventh Heaven," is now having her supremacy challenged



Constance Bennett, queen of RKO, has suddenly turned democratic



Lippman

Ruth Chatterton, queen at Warners, has two dangerous rivals

Queen Greta, the First and Last, flouts the public and producers to the end. To the end, her loyal subjects begged her to remain and rule forever. But her er is—*Abdication*.



Richie

Marlene Dietrich, Paramount queen, is resting uneasily in America

Does Greta Fear Joan?

AT the height of her power and fame she elects, apparently, to step down from her unquestioned throne, with the same royal dignity and lonely state she has maintained so long, and vanish into self-imposed exile. Does she suspect that her place is being threatened by a pretender grown powerful enough now to sweep her aside if a strong picture affords opportunity? Does Garbo believe that in "Rain," Joan Crawford—who rivaled her so potently in "Grand Hotel"—has that opportunity, and so chooses
(Continued on page 68)

LOOKING THEM OVER

GOSSIP FROM THE WEST COAST—BY DOROTHY MANNERS

JEAN HARLOW, and her brand-new husband, Paul Bern, did not go away on a honeymoon. They started something new by "staying home" on a honeymoon. Said Jean Bern (and how do you like the new title for the wedding-ring blonde?):

"Paul just returned from a trip to New York. For six weeks I trekked about the country on a personal appearance tour. We seem to have taken our honeymoon separately—before the marriage. It's going to be a novelty to stay home."

One week before they were married, the M-G-M executive deeded over the property of his Brentwood home to his new bride. It is a beautiful estate covering three acres. The wedding ceremony took place at the home of Jean's mother and step-father. Only a few intimate friends and relatives were present. John Gilbert, himself an expected-to-be bridegroom, was best man.

THE Bern-Harlow romance was the surprise of the month to Hollywood. Paul and Jean have been "going around" pretty consistently for two or three years. But, then, Paul Bern has been the platonic friend of so many beautiful Hollywood girls: the late Barbara La Marr, Jetta Goudal, Estelle Taylor and Joan Crawford, to mention a few.

It used to be a saying in Hollywood that it was doubtful if Paul Bern would ever get married. Where could he find one woman who would understand the gentle and kind spirit that makes him befriend so many?

There is a twenty-one-year difference in the ages of the newlyweds. Jean is 21. Paul is 42.

Exotic, and then some—that's Lyda Roberti, the Polish newcomer. But she has even more clowning ability than platinum blonde hair, as you'll see in "The Big Broadcast"



N O R M A SHEARER THALBERG isn't the only M-G-M lady now with a husband in the Front Office. Paul looked after Jean's interests very well with that splendid rôle in "Red-Headed Woman." We may expect equally interesting pictures for her in the future. Her next will be either "Soviet Russia" or "The Ritz Bar"—both tentative titles. And

You can't get Clark Gable's goat! The animal brought him luck, he says, when he won \$280 on a \$2.50 bet at Del Monte, where he has vacationed



Graham



Elliott

Buck Jones has been in the movies fourteen years, helping beautiful damsels in distress. When Dolores Ray landed at Columbia, fresh from the Follies, she remembered that—and asked him for some tips about movie-acting. He's telling her that actions speak louder than talkies

Clark Gable or John Gilbert may be her next screen lover. That's how important Jean's future looks.

THE Eleanor Boardman-King Vidor divorce had been expected—though the newspapers, for some reason or other grew very “surprised” about it. Eleanor and her director-husband haven't been hitting it off for some time and many besides their intimate friends knew about it.

King Vidor is a temperamental and moody man. Eleanor Boardman is the sanest, most down-to-earth girl we have ever met. Their divergent outlooks on life were apparent almost from the outset of their marriage five years ago. King Vidor has always believed that an artist should be “free and unhampered” by domestic duties and ties. As long as Eleanor attempted to share this view, everything was well between them.

But marriage and two children (both



Miehle

The newest lad to get a close-up of Joan Crawford's eyes is William Gargan, from Broadway, her marine-lover in “Rain.” They put a scar on him to make him less handsome

girls) are certainly “settling” influences. At least, they apparently proved too settling for the man who is often referred to as the most artistic director in Hollywood. Eleanor has filed suit for divorce and has asked for the custody of the two children.

POOOR Roscoe Arbuckle, after trying one city hall and then another, finally managed to tie the matrimonial knot with Addie McPhail in Wesleyville (near Erie), Pa. A justice of the peace officiated. Mayor Thacher, of Albany, New York, landed in newspapers throughout the country when he refused to perform the marriage ceremony between “Fatty” and Miss McPhail because he considered “marriage too solemn to be



Dyar

Juliette Compton is a dangerous woman now. Just look at those long, sharp finger rings she wears as an Oriental princess in “The Devil and the Deep”!



Coburn

Besides having a new horse, named “Little Joe” for luck, Ricardo Cortez has a fast-paced new rôle. He's the hero in “Thirteen Women”

ballyhooed.” Ouch—but that hurt! Following another month of personal appearance tours, Arbuckle and his new bride will return to Hollywood, and he will start his screen comeback.

JOAN CRAWFORD and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., have set out for that long-planned vacation to Europe. Until the moment they actually stepped on the train, Doug was “scared” that something would come up (as usual) to spoil their plans.

Somebody tells us that two whole days before Joan and Doug took their departure, they refused to answer the telephone or to accept telegram messages. And can you blame them? This is the fourth start they have made for London, Paris and Rome. They may be back in time for the Olympics. Joan has never been abroad before—her career has kept her too busy. And to go now, she is giving up “Red Dust” to Jean Harlow. But Doug couldn't wait any longer to show her Paris, where he grew up.

WHEN Sylvia Sidney appeared recently at a dancing place with B. P. Schulberg, it verified a romance Hollywood has suspected for some time. Though Mr. Schulberg is not yet divorced from his wife, they have been legally separated for more than a year and it is believed by their intimate friends that the dramatic ingénue from Paramount will be the next Mrs. Schulberg.

Though Schulberg is no longer affiliated with Paramount, he did a great deal toward advancing Sylvia Sidney's career. He was also the man who started Clara Bow on the high road to fame.

ROBERT ARMSTRONG'S divorced wife, Jeanne, is back in Hollywood after a year of a tango tour through the Orient. And the people who know Bob and Jeanne best have a very definite hunch that the couple will make up their old differences.

Jeanne's insistence upon a dancing career was really the main bone of contention between them. Bob objected to being left alone while his wife tangoed in various parts of the world.

Now that Jeanne is back, with the comment that she is "through with dancing for awhile," there's no telling just what will happen. No one believes that Bob ever fell out of love with Jeanne—or Jeanne with Bob.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD and Marlene Dietrich have buried the hatchet and become almost clubby. For months there was a very subtle warfare

between the two sophisticates of the Paramount lot. No one knew exactly what the trouble was, but anyway the girls didn't speak when they met—and they had been introduced!

But lately the Paramounters have been surprised to witness Tallulah's dropping into Marlene's dressing-room at lunch time to say "Hello." There seems to be a good deal of laughter on the part of Marlene every time Tallulah drops in, and humor is a swell basis for permanent friendship.

M-G-M will probably buy over the contract of Billie Dove from Howard Hughes in appreciation of her splendid comedy work in the Marion Davies picture, "Blondie of the Follies."

They say that Billie gives a new and different characterization in this picture that will earn her a world of new admirers. If this comes to pass, then two of Howard Hughes' sparkling charm-ers will have been acquired by the Culver City studio. Billie and Jean Harlow.

WE don't know how true this is, but the nosey little bird that is always thinking up things tells us that Norma Shearer is anxious to take a good long rest from the screen following "Smilin' Through."

Norma still has several years to go on her contract and she has every intention of fulfilling her agreement, but she would like to

add a year to the life of the contract and take off a year now.

No, there aren't any stork rumors. Norma, so we hear, is just anxious for a good long rest and a chance to "play" without thinking of studio hours.

IF Lee Tracy is a "good boy," he may become one of the most outstanding stars on the screen. If Lee isn't a good boy, he won't make many more pictures. Lee was, and is, a tremendous success in "Blessed Event" and Warner Brothers were on the verge of offering him a grand new contract. The point under fire is—can Lee keep

(Continued on page 67)

Something new under the Malibu sun is the polka-dot beach ensemble in which Betty Boyd (left) steps out. Bright and cool, it is designed for sunnys



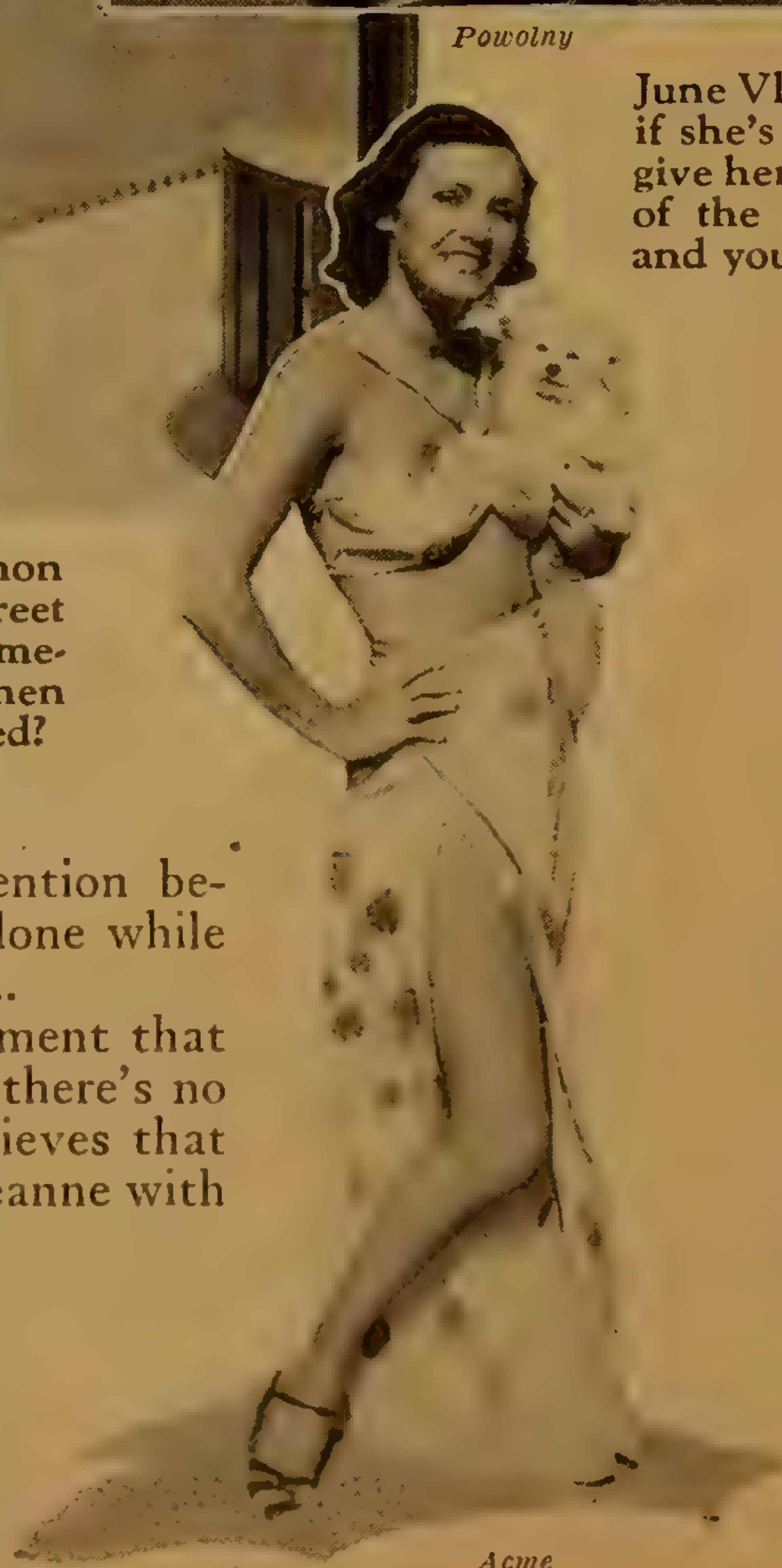
You've never seen Guy Kibbee grin, unless you've seen him going fishing. That's what he's doing, with "Rain" finished



Wonder if Peggy Shannon (above) is waiting to greet Clara Bow in her comeback. Remember when the two were compared?



June Vasek (above) looks as if she's prepared for you to give her a tumble. She's one of the newest Fox "finds" and you'll see her very soon



YANKEE DOODLE DANDY Is In The Movies Now

George M. Cohan—the man who made Broadway famous with his plays, his acting, and his songs, and has turned down a million in movie offers—at last is in the talkies. But the Yankee Doodle Dandy has more to tell about Gable than he does about himself!

BY NANCY PRYOR

TO the combined theme songs of "Yankee Doodle," "The Sidewalks of New York" and "Over There," George M. Cohan enters the movies. Unfurl the flags for the greatest little flag-unfurler of them all. Make way for the Yankee Doodle Dandy of Broadway. The Song-and-Dance Man has temporarily abandoned the Way described as "Great" and "White" for the Hollywood boulevards best described as what-have-you?

For the next few months the "man who has written a lifetime of hits" will be devoting himself to a Paramount contract that calls for a starring appearance (in a dual rôle) in "The Phantom President" and a story script for "The Song of the Eagle." Before his contract is finished he will probably be producing pictures, starring in his own stories, speaking his own dialogue and singing his own songs, plus attending to all the other little details usually relegated to ten men. George M. is ten men rolled into one.

As a producer, author or star, he has been affiliated with one hundred and forty Broadway productions, ranging from dramas to musical comedies, including such hits as: "Forty-Five Minutes from Broadway," "The Man Who Owned Broadway," "Little Johnny Jones," "The Yankee Prince," "Officer 666," "Seven Keys to Baldpate" and



Riches

"The Song-and-Dance Man." He staged "Elmer, The Great" with Walter Huston and Kay Francis and wrote "The Home-Towners," in which Miriam Hopkins appeared. He has been accused of waving the American flag in his show productions more often than an Army standard-bearer.

Made a Million from "Over There"

IN twenty years he has written five hundred songs—most of them hits. Millions of men marched off to war with the words of his song, "Over There," on their lips and its rhythm in their feet. George M. made one million dollars from that one song and received a stirring personal note from Woodrow Wilson in appreciation of it. (If he lives long enough, he'll make another million from royalties. They're still playing "Over There" upon the slightest provocation.) It is the proudest single feat of his brilliant career that has, from the first, been American-minded.

(Continued on page 62)



International

Is MARLENE DIETRICH Being *FRIGHTENED* Away From America?

BY FRANC DILLON

WHEN Marlene Dietrich's contract is completed in December, she will have been in America for two and a half years. Those close to the glamorous German star whisper that these brief, tumultuous years have so frightened Marlene that she wants to go "home"—to Berlin—for good and all, in December.

In America she has been annoyed by stares, persecuted by the press, faced with lawsuits, subjected to gossip, and threatened by criminals. She has seen friends lose their fortunes in American banks, she has been bored by Hollywood social life, involved in studio arguments and forced into hiding, by fear of danger to her little girl, Maria.

At the moment she lives in a state of armed terror, going nowhere without guards. Detectives guard the closed sets on which Marlene works, follow her wherever she goes, and watch her home day and night. Even when she goes to the movies—which is recreation, not a risk to most people—drastic measures are taken for her protection. Two limousines speed down the Boulevard. The first draws up at the curb in front of the theatre and four armed detectives

The German star has found sensational success in Hollywood, but little happiness. And now, to cap the climax, she cannot go anywhere without armed guards—and the life of her little girl, who means far more to her than fame or money, has been threatened. When she returns to Germany in December (her contract expires then), will she ever come back?

Marlene Dietrich cannot even lounge in her own yard without armed guards nearby. And guards watch over the play of her little girl, Maria (at top), whose nursery window (behind her) is protected with iron bars





This brand-new portrait of Marlene shows her as the exotic night-club heroine of "The Blonde Venus," which may be her next-to-last American picture. She has one more, "Deep Night," to make on her present contract

leap out. They start pushing the crowd back, and by the time the second car has arrived they have made a pathway to the entrance. Down this protected path Marlene, Maria, the governess and Josef Von Sternberg rush. The four burly guards close in behind them and sit one on each side of the party, one in front and one behind during the performance.

"Nonsense!" said

life, so different from life in Germany, have worn her resistance, tried her patience and tortured her nerves until it is easy to understand the fear that may drive her away from a country where she has found success, but not happiness.

She arrived in Hollywood frank, honest and with no inhibitions, determined to like us. She greeted the first interviewers like friends. Then came her first experience with American customs. Someone in the studio publicity department, remembering a press-agent's ABC's, hinted that Marlene was just eighteen years old.

"Ridiculous!" exclaimed Marlene, when she heard of it. "I'm not a girl. I'm a woman—I have a child. I'm twenty-five! And I do not see why I should pretend otherwise, or have anyone pretend for me."

(Continued on page 56)

Marlene and Von Sternberg in unison when I asked them if it were true that she will not return to America after her trip to Germany in December. Yet there are disturbing signs that the slow enigmatic smile, the gorgeous figure and exotic beauty that have made Dietrich an American idol may be lost to us. As long as six months ago, according to one of her close friends, Marlene was anxious to leave.

Signs of Plans to Leave

"IF I could get out of my contract, I'd go home right now," Marlene is quoted as saying angrily at that time. "I have plenty of money now and there is a play I would like to do in Germany." But Marlene denies that she is considering the stage. "My only plans now are for a holiday," she says. "When my contract with Paramount expires in December, I am going to Europe for a vacation."

This sounds mild enough, but at the time of her outburst to her friend, it appears that Marlene consulted the immigration authorities and discovered that under new rules it would be difficult for her to return to America, once she had left for the second time. She sent for her mother and sister, who are even now said to be on their way to Hollywood to visit her. Knowing the immigration difficulties, if Marlene plans to leave America next winter, she is only too likely to remain abroad.

Two years of American



Bullets, Bolo Knives and Broken Bones Haven't Stopped TOM MIX

By JACK GRANT

IF Mrs. Tom Mix had not purchased her husband a new polo shirt, this story might never have been written. Had there not been a question as to whether the garment would fit, Tom might not have tried it on in the presence of your correspondent. And had that not occurred, it might have been years before we saw him without a shirt.

But the fact is that the new Mrs. Mix did buy Tom an even newer shirt, and Tom, more interested in his bride's gift than in our interview, took off the one he was wearing to slip on the present. That's how we happened to see his bullet-scarred shoulder.

"Nasty scar, you have there," we remarked conversationally.

"Tom has millions of 'em." Mrs. Mix vouch-



Right, Tom Mix as a courier in Cuba in the Spanish-American War, in which he was shot in the jaw. At top (seated at left), Tom as a he-man first sergeant after that conflict. Note his swollen jaw. In circle, Tom as he is to-day, with Tony, his co-survivor of many movie injuries

safed the information blithely, *à la* Jimmy Durante.

"Hardly millions, dear," said Tom, who is inclined at times toward conservatism, "but a right smart number of 'em."

"Exactly how many?" we asked.

"Well, let's see." Tom grew reflective. "I was



The rip-roarin' cowboy star has been shot a dozen times, dynamited once, "scalped" once, knifed twice, bayoneted once, and has been in the hospital forty-seven times with movie injuries—but he's still grinning!

shot three times in the left arm, once in the right shoulder, once in the right elbow, once through the ribs just below my heart, once through the jaw, three times through the abdomen and pelvis, once in the left and once in the right leg. How many does that make?"

"Twelve," answered Mrs. Mix, who was using her fingers. "But that doesn't include the explosion that blew a hole four inches square in your back."

"No, it doesn't," Tom admitted. "We were talking about bullet holes. The accident with the dynamite happened in a picture some years ago. I was to ride Tony over a dam that was to be blown up right under us. That is, it was to look that way. But somehow, the signals got mixed and they blew up the dam before we got across. Tony and I went up with it. A piece of my back was blown out and Tony got pretty badly hurt, too. They thought we were both goners, but we're too tough to be killed with dynamite."

First Shot When Fourteen

WE wanted to know if the other accidents, too, were the results of picture-making.

"None of my bullet holes were," Tom replied. "I got a lot

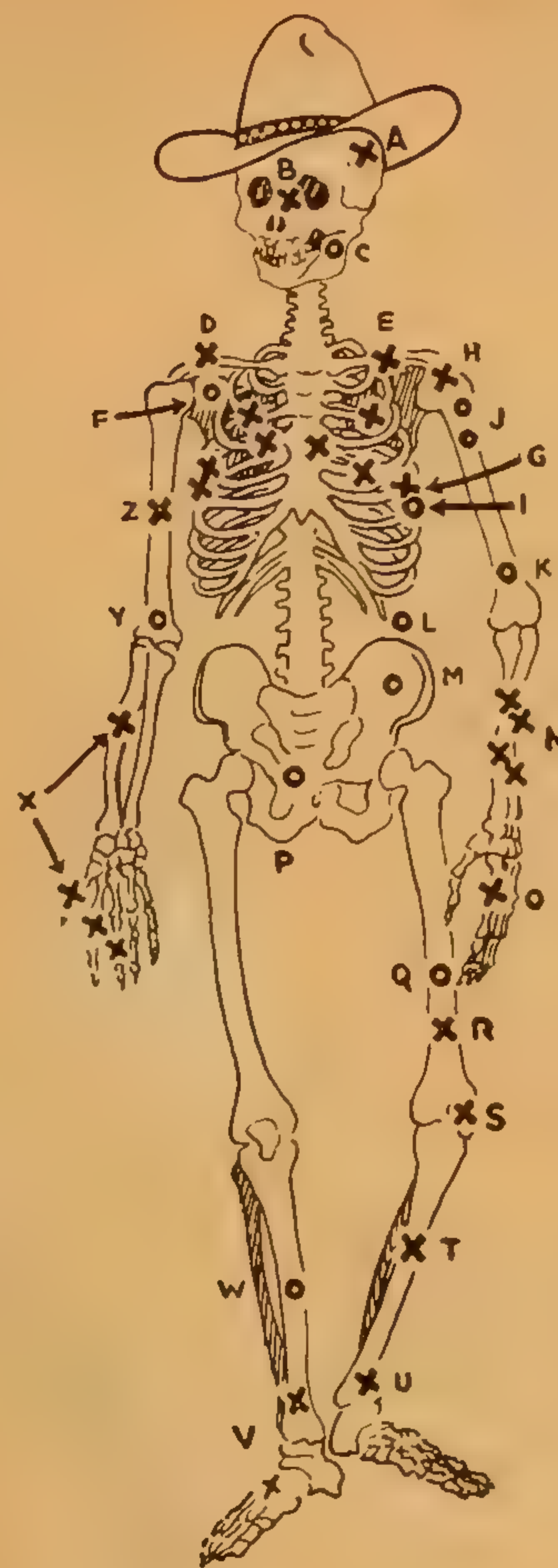


This shows Tom Mix as a real-life Texas Ranger in the Rio Grande country, back in the early 1900's, long before he ever saw a movie camera. This country was the scene of his closest call from a bullet wound. A cattle rustler shot him just below the heart

of broken bones in the movies, but most of the shooting happened when I was serving as United States Marshal or sheriff. A couple are mementoes of the Army and one of a bandit right here in Hollywood.

"The first time I got shot, I was only fourteen years old. I went into town with my family at Pony Track, Texas. It was near election time and a couple of rival political factions

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TOM MIX'S INJURIES

(X's mark fractures. Circles mark bullet wounds)

- A. Fractured skull in 1925 in picture stunt.
- B. Nose broken when a shell blew up the artillery wagon Mix was pushing, and splinters tore through his scalp, during the Boxer uprising in China.
- C. Rifle shot of an enemy sniper tore away part of his jaw in the Spanish-American War.
- D. Shoulder fractured when thrown by a jumping horse in a circus performance in Dallas, Texas, 1915.
- E. Collar-bone broken four times in falls.
- F. Shot by Hollywood bandit at Mix home in 1925.
- G. Eight broken ribs and bone fractures sustained while making motion pictures.
- H. Shoulder fractured in fall when horse was shot from under him by bandits in his U. S. Marshal days.
- I. Shot through ribs below heart while apprehending cattle rustlers near Capablanca, Texas, 1904.
- J. Shot twice in left arm by outlaws in Oklahoma, 1906.
- K. Shot again just above elbow during following year.
- L. Shot through abdomen by killer he arrested, 1905.
- M. This is the wound suffered in a gun fight with two rustlers, one of whom Mix was compelled to kill, 1909.
- N. Left arm broken four times in motion picture stunting.
- O. Hand also broken in one of the above accidents.
- P. Shot through pelvis by bad man from whom he was attempting to take gun. Then sheriff of Chito, Oklahoma.
- Q. Shot in leg when but fourteen years old.
- R. Leg broken when trampled by horse, Hollywood, 1914.
- S. Fractured knee when chuck wagon tipped over with him in 1926. Wore a brace for several years.
- T. Leg broken while stunting in pictures, 1913.
- U. Fractured ankle while breaking horses for a Wild West show in Peoria, Ill., 1911.
- V. Foot and ankle broken when he was run over by a chuck wagon on location for pictures, 1915.
- W. Shot through leg by escaping bank robbers in 1907.
- X. Three broken fingers, hand and arm fractured in screen fights and film stunting, 1919-1925.
- Y. Shot through elbow in stage coach hold-up in 1902.
- Z. Broken arm suffered in mock stage coach hold-up for a picture. Coach overturned, pinning him beneath it. 1925.

NOTE. Scars from twenty-two knife wounds are not indicated nor is it possible to show on the diagram the hole four inches square and many inches deep that was blown in Mix's back by a dynamite explosion. There are also scars from fourteen buck-shot in his left arm.

They told GEORGE BRENT that he was going *blind!*

That was less than a year ago, and if he had obeyed his first impulse, he would never have lived to become famous on the screen or to meet Ruth Chatterton. Here, for the first time, he tells the thoughts that went pounding through his head before his sight returned. He has to guard his eyes now—for that threat of blindness is still there

By GLADYS HALL

LESS than a year ago, an eminent eye specialist told George Brent that *he was going blind. Blind!*

There is a poem somewhere that begins, "They tell me drowning men have dreams. . . ." Well, George Brent says that men going blind have dreams, too. *He* had dreams. Dreams of things he had seen and would never forget even in the darkness. Faces that would be beacon lights where there was no light. Scenes he would try to forget, but knew that he never could.

And it was mostly the *things* he would never see again that George Brent mourned. Scenery—the sea, ships, birds, dogs, blue lakes, dark pines, the mist rising from Irish bogs at daybreak.

People are not particularly important to George Brent. Only two people have ever been in his Hollywood home. Only three people in the world, he told me, are really significant and important to him: his sister and her husband—and Ruth Chatterton. He pals about a bit with Chevalier, whom he admires. He also likes and admires Clark Gable, both off and on the screen. He's glad, he says, that Gable hasn't changed. He can't bear actors who carry their bag of tricks with them after they leave the studio. Chevalier never does; Gable never does. Neither, certainly, does George, who wears horn-rimmed glasses, tweeds, and looks and acts



far more like an editor, an author or a country gentleman than he does an actor.

"People," he said, "never really care about you. When you are down, there is no one to help or to care. When you are up, there are—back-slappers. Next to being pitied, back-slapping is the most odious thing that can be done.

First Thought Was Suicide

"**O**F course, when I was told I was going blind, my first instinct was—suicide. I kept thinking, 'Have I worked so hard all these years, gone through all that I have gone through, tried to gain ground and slipped and come back again—for *this*? What is it all about? And WHY?' I sometimes wonder that even now. I thought, then, of taking a 'plane to China, of dunking myself somewhere in the China seas. I didn't want to live.

"And then, I suppose, you achieve a certain philosophy if you survive the first shock of the thing. You retreat into your mind, and find that you have scenes and faces to live with. It was like playing Blind Man's Bluff, to me—reaching out, trying to catch hold of someone or something and hold it fast.

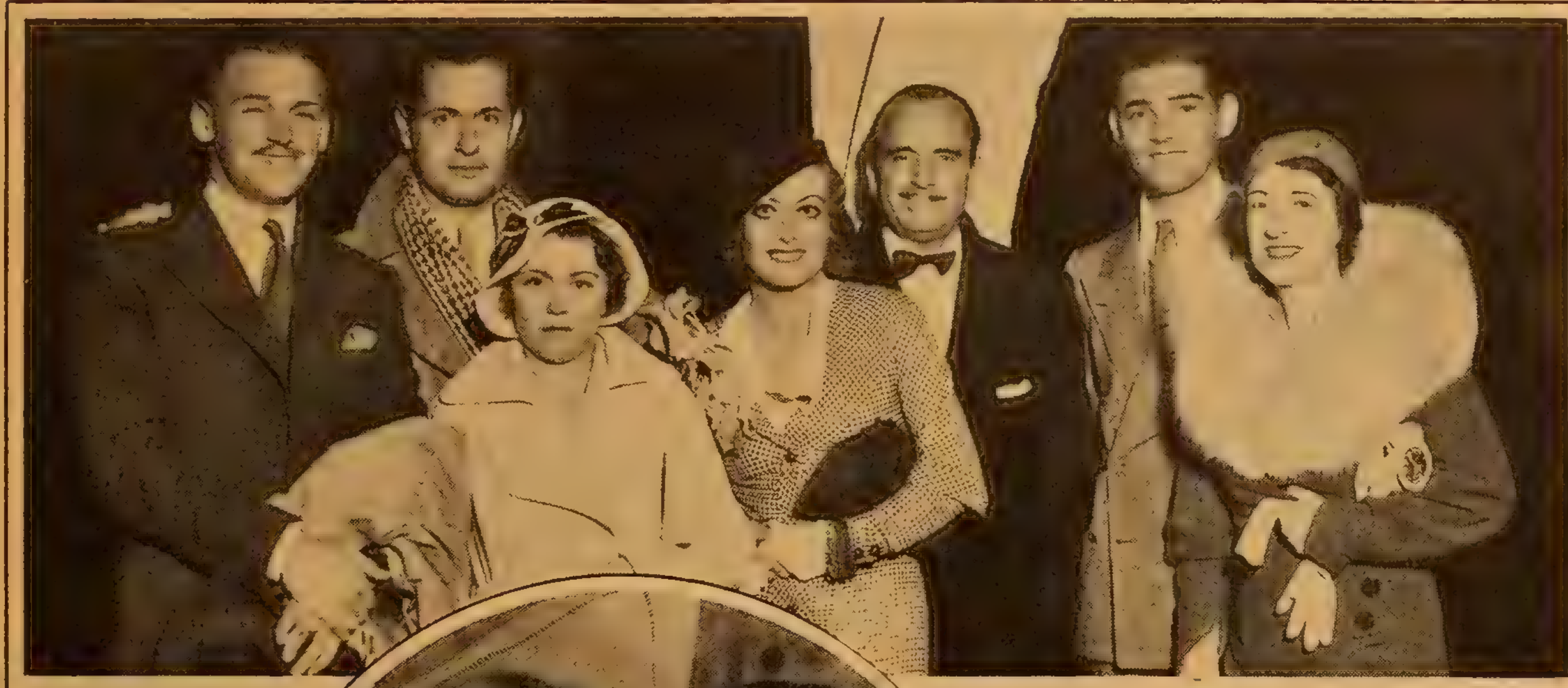
"For weeks while I sat there in bandaged darkness, the doctor's verdict final, I knew the feelings of a blind man. So far as I knew, I *was* a blind man. First it was curious and after a time it was interesting—the things that mattered.

"I seemed to 'see' mostly the days when I was a boy back home in Ireland. An unhappy kid, living with relatives who didn't seem to understand the kind of kid I was, painfully shy and painfully sensitive, trying my best to hide it. My father, a newspaperman, had died when I was two . . . the rest of the family were Army . . .

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◆ THE NEWSREEL OF THE NEWSSTANDS ◆

Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Joan Crawford, married just three years, head for Europe on a "second honeymoon" — and kill those divorce rumors. Here is their "bon voyage" party: left to right, Doug, Jr., Robert Montgomery, Mrs. Montgomery, Joan Crawford, Doug, Sr., Clark Gable and Mrs. Gable (who killed some rumors, themselves). Mrs. Gable asked Joan for an autographed photo



World Wide

John Barrymore gets his first good look at John Barrymore, II, while his new son gives all his attention to Dolores Costello Barrymore (left). John took a room at the hospital to be near them



International

Showing no signs of being camera shy, Sydney and Charles Chaplin, Jr. (left), sons of the famous comedian, arrive from abroad to enter the movies with their mother. See story on page 30



Ame

The last scene in Hollywood's newest surprise wedding (right): Jean Harlow, of platinum blonde and "Red-Headed Woman" fame, cuts her wedding cake, with Norma Shearer Thalberg and Paul Bern (who'll never be known as "Mr. Jean Harlow") beside her. In rear are Irving Thalberg, Jean's mother and stepfather, Marino Bello



Genevieve Tobin (above) revealed in these pages last month that she's looking for a husband who is a combination of Clark Gable, Leslie Howard, James Cagney and Clive Brook. She hasn't found him yet—but there's no hurry. Genevieve is a busy girl, climbing up to stardom, like the actress she plays in "Hollywood Speaks"

VIDOR-BOARDMAN MARRIAGE ENDS— DISAPPOINTED AT NOT HAVING SON

Hollywood Sees Irony In Fact That Eleanor Boardman And Famous Director, Who Have Long Wanted A Boy, Come To Parting Of The Ways On Same Day That Florence Vidor Heifetz, His Former Wife, Announces Birth Of A Son

By RUTH WINGATE

THE front page of the Los Angeles newspapers carried the story that Eleanor Boardman and director King Vidor, after nearly six years of married life, were planning a divorce. Tucked away on page 3 was the notice that Florence Vidor Heifetz (the first Mrs. Vidor, and present wife of Jascha Heifetz, the famous violinist) had, on the previous Saturday, given birth to a son.

To all appearances, the two items had no relationship. King and Florence Vidor had long been divorced; for several years both had been married to new mates—happily so, it had seemed. Two children, both girls, had been born to King and Eleanor Boardman Vidor and all, except a few of their most intimate friends, believed them to be happy in spite of the "trouble" rumors that occasionally circulated about them. Yet, though divorce, re-marriage and children lay between those two announcements that appeared simultaneously in the morning papers, Hollywood could not help gossiping of the ironical twist of fate that somehow wove them together.

For years it has been the dearest wish of King Vidor and Eleanor to have an heir, a male child, a son. Just why Eleanor in the beginning had so keenly desired a son is not known, unless it could have been the fact that King had had a daughter, Suzanne, during his married life with Florence.

A year after their marriage when Eleanor,

then a prominent M-G-M star, realized that she was to have a child, she remarked to an intimate, "I am sure we will have a boy. It must be. It wouldn't be right to want a son so deeply—and be disappointed."

But in place of the expected man-child, a baby daughter was born, a lovely little girl whom they named Antonia after the character in Willa Cather's famous novel, "My An-

tonia." With the passing of the first feeling of disappointment, Eleanor came to adore the little girl and to make as glowing plans for her future as though the baby had been the desired boy.

Then, as a couple of years went by and Eleanor knew she was to have another child, the old yearning reasserted itself. She felt that this time, surely, there would be a son and heir to carry on the name and possibly the talents of the director who has been called the most artistically sensitive in Hollywood. But again it was a little girl who arrived in the Vidor nursery, intended for a boy.

King and Eleanor Vidor both love their children (who will remain in Eleanor's custody), and would not trade the two little girls for all the world—so it is probably coincident, rather than significant,

that it was soon after the birth of the second girl-child that divorce rumors were first whispered about them. At first, they vehemently denied the reports, but as time wore on a "break" became apparent.

No, it was not a surprise to Hollywood. It was merely ironical that Eleanor and King Vidor should have "broken up" at the very time Florence Vidor, the first wife, gave birth to their hearts' desire—a son!



King Vidor and Eleanor Boardman were married on September 8, 1926. King was two hours late. With tears in her eyes, Eleanor said to a friend: "I wonder if this is a forecast of misunderstandings between us?"



Eleanor Boardman will ask custody of their two small daughters. She has made no plans about her future but may return to screen

R. H. Louise

AFTER ELEVEN YEARS, ROSCOE ARBUCKLE WINS FIGHT TO "COME BACK"

Famous Comedian, Exiled From Screen In 1921,
Will Star In Series Of Two-Reel Comedies—
Says, "It Looks Like Beginning Of New Deal"

By GRANT JACKSON



Arbuckle says: "With Addie as my wife and this chance to act again, nothing can stop me." And Addie McPhail Arbuckle, his new bride, says: "Roscoe is no 'has-been.' All he needs is a chance"

ELEVEN years of enforced retirement from the screen, eleven years of trials and travail, eleven years of suffering under the ban of organized public opinion will end this September when Roscoe Arbuckle makes his comeback as a film comedian. "Fatty" has just signed with Warner Brothers for a series of two-reel comedies, which he will direct and in which he will star.

It is a comeback that has been hanging fire for more than a year. In July, 1931, the moviegoing public was asked, through the better-known screen magazines, "Hasn't Arbuckle Been Punished Enough?" His case was reviewed, and the story of the persecution he had endured for ten years was sketched; film leaders—producers, actors and directors—pleaded that he be given another chance. The reply was an avalanche of mail. Thousands of letters poured into magazine offices—and ninety-nine out of every hundred of those writing in demanded that Arbuckle

be allowed to return. This was fandom refuting the organized voice of reform bodies and some women's clubs. *The public was for him.*

Upon the strength of this tremendous response, plans were made for Arbuckle's comeback—but, gratified as he was by public response

Left, Arbuckle to-day. He is much thinner than in the old days



Mitchell

The "Fatty" of early two-reel comedies

to the idea, he wanted to see for himself if theatregoers really wanted to see him. A few months ago, he set out on a personal ap-

pearance tour. His success brought a flattering contract offer from Warner Brothers.

"Good luck, like bad luck, must run in cycles," Roscoe wired your correspondent. "It looks like the beginning of a new deal. With Addie as my wife and this chance to act again, nothing can stop me."

An insight into the fine character that is Arbuckle's may be obtained from that simple statement. Throughout his eleven years' banishment, never once has he whimpered or decried his fate. He quietly went his way, writing and directing comedies under the name of "William Goodrich." The greatest source of good cheer and encouragement has been the girl he married, Addie McPhail.

They met when she was cast in a comedy he was directing—and it was friendship at first sight. Love came afterward—when Fatty found her a carefree companion, who refused to allow him to brood; when Addie saw the true worth of the man who struggled with adversity, losing battle after battle with unconquerable spirit. When their engagement was announced, one of Addie's friends asked why she was marrying a "has-been."

Addie flared, "A 'has-been,' is he? Let me tell you that Roscoe is the finest man I've ever known. All he needs is a chance. And I'm sticking by, whether he gets it or not."

That's Addie McPhail. She has stuck. And it was only a few days after their marriage that Roscoe signed his comeback contract.



Charles Chaplin, Jr., 7 (in front), and Sydney, 6, like the idea

CHAPLIN'S SONS ENTER MOVIES WITH MOTHER—FATHER NOT CONSULTED

Lita Grey Chaplin, Comedian's Former Wife, Signs Five-Picture Contract For Herself, Charles, Jr., 7, and Sydney, 6—Charlie Had Planned Non-Professional Future For Them

By DORIS JANEWAY

"HOW can Mr. Chaplin object to their appearing in the movies?" asks Lita Grey Chaplin, mother of Charles, Jr., aged 7, and Sydney, aged 6 (christened for his uncle, but called "Tommy" ever since for his mother's father). "Legally, I have the entire say about the children. Besides, why should he mind having his sons on the screen? Except, perhaps, it may be a little hard to think of having another Charlie Chaplin before the public. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., felt that way, too, at first.

"The children have been teasing to be movie actors since they first heard about their father and saw him on the screen," explains Lita. "Charles, Jr., looks like me, and is exactly like his father. Tommy looks the image of his father, and is exactly like me."

Yes, she says, they talk a lot about Daddy. They have been encouraged to, even though they have seen little of him in person. In the last two years, Lita's manager, Nicholas Gyory says, Charlie has not sent them so much as a picture post-card.

"It would be strange," murmurs the last Mrs. Chaplin, not yet twenty-three years old, "if Mr. Chaplin should begin to take an interest in his children now—after such a long time."

Lita Grey Chaplin, it is said, has been waiting to return to the screen until she had made a real name for herself in vaudeville, so that people could not say that she was trading on her ex-husband's name.

"After the divorce," her manager says, "I got an offer of a one-picture contract from almost every one of the big studios for her. I wouldn't let her accept any of them. I knew that all they wanted of her then was the notoriety. Now, I figure she's wanted for herself. She is the highest-paid vaudeville actress with a route in this country. I might mention that this

contract with Fox is a *long-term* contract, and calls for five pictures."

Though newspaper headlines hint that Charlie is angry at the idea of having his sons on the screen, the lowdown from people who watched him in Douglas Fairbanks' bungalow, reading the first announcement of the contract, is that Charlie laughed heartily—and seemed to know of the plans already.

Nevertheless, when the little boys arrived in New York last month from Europe, a private film company detective met them at the boat—just in case their father sent representatives. Their mother, concluding a vaudeville engagement in Omaha, was unable to meet them—but her

manager was on hand. He told reporters that "we" felt no unfriendliness toward Mr. Chaplin, but added that "if he starts anything, we'll give him the time of his life." The two boys were the hit of the day with ship news reporters, who jotted down that both were vivid, unspoiled person-

alities, talked well, rated Mickey Mouse, Minnie Mouse and Charlie Chaplin—in that order—as their favorite movie actors, were looking forward to seeing the Olympics and acting in "Little Teacher," and were planning to be a bus driver and a locomotive engineer when they grew up.

At the time of the divorce, Chaplin settled approximately a million dollars on his former wife and the two boys—and it was his plan then that they should be reared in a non-professional atmosphere. According to Charlie's friends, he feels that after settling such a sum on his sons, he has some say about their future.



Acme

Lita Grey Chaplin, whose mother has been caring for the boys in Nice, France, while she has been on a vaudeville tour, does not see how Charlie Chaplin (left) can object to their appearing on the screen



RUTH CHATTERTON DIVORCES FORBES TO MARRY BRENT

Actress And Ralph Forbes Part Friends,
Bringing Themselves To Long-Delayed Step
—Romance With George Brent Began In
Their Pictures Together

By JERRY BANNON

RALPH FORBES was almost killed recently. It was when, seeing his wife off on her vacation trip to Europe, he remained a trifle too long on the platform of the train to give her a last kiss, and had to make a last-minute leap to the ground. A little more than a week later, Ruth handed a Madrid reporter a two-line statement of her plan to divorce for "incompatibility," and Ralph was departing from Hollywood to establish a residence for her in Reno.

Since then, while Hollywood has buzzed with conjectures and the gossip-columnists have printed rumors of money trouble, another woman, another man, Ralph has received long affectionate letters from Ruth, telling him the news about their many mutual friends abroad. This bids fair to be Hollywood's friendliest divorce, surpassing even the Harding-Bannister parting.

A few days before Ruth left for Europe, a friend (who had an inkling of her plans) asked her: "What's the matter between you and Ralph? You're awfully sweet together — it's too bad to break it up."

"It's just this," said Ruth soberly,

Ruth says similarity of temperament, not difference, caused break

"Ralph and I are as alike as though we were close relatives. The same tastes, ideas, dislikes — everything. It becomes monotonous after a while. Marriage needs differences in reactions. But Ralph and I will always be friends."

For a year, they have been denying the gossip of Hollywood—and doing it with obvious sincerity. They felt that some day there might come a parting, but they thought vaguely that it would come later—next year, some other time, not now. They are genuinely fond of each other, and eight years of marriage lie behind them. "It is a shock to make the break," they admit now. It was the first marriage for each of them.

Once before they parted, but for the same reason did not get a divorce. They hated to take the final step, and presently in Hollywood they drifted together again. Ralph began to take Ruth

to parties, and Ruth had Ralph to her house to dine. Presently, they took up married life again, and have continued together for three years.

Rumor, ever romantic, has brought the name of George Brent, her leading man in both "The Rich Are Always with Us" and "The Crash," into the situation. Until the time when Ruth confirmed the divorce rumors, George laughed at rumors that he was in love with anyone.

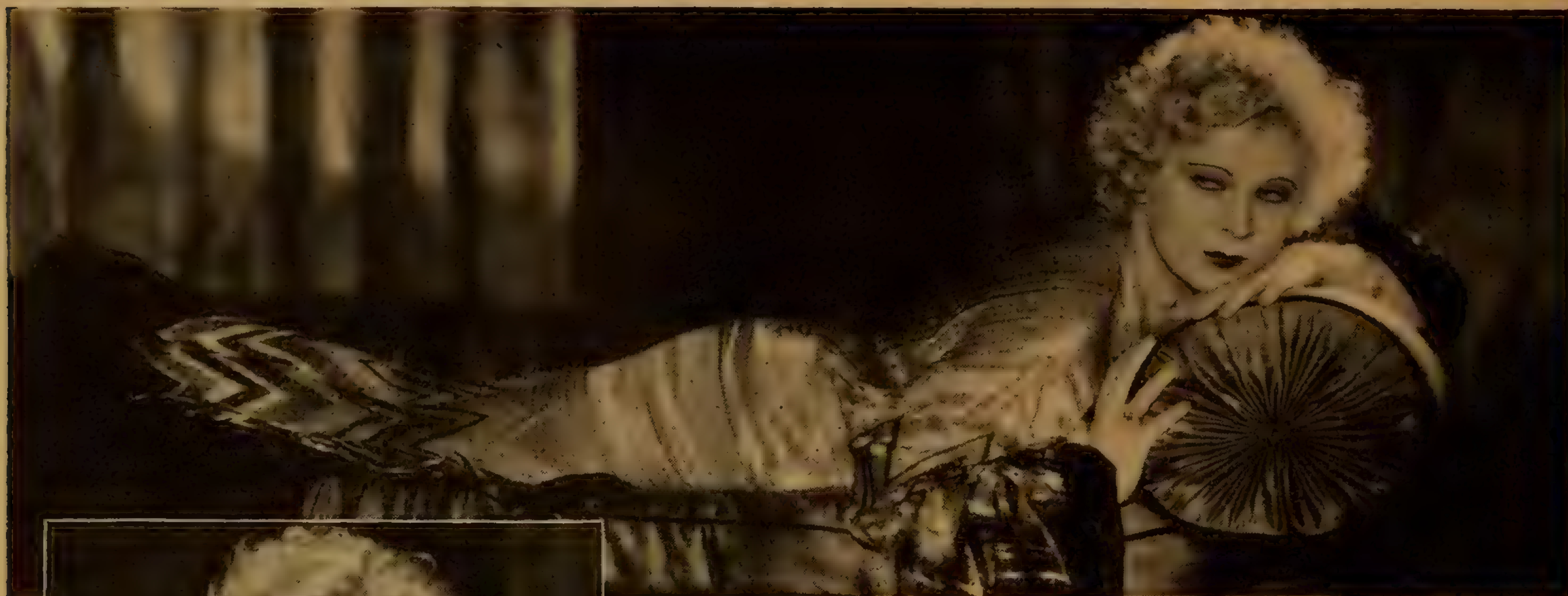
A week after Ruth's Madrid announcement, George told a reporter that he and Ruth planned marriage, but that the time and place were indefinite because of the divorce; he added that it had all been decided before her departure, but that they had tried to keep it a secret.

One thing it is only fair to say. Money does not enter into the parting of Ruth and Ralph. When Ruth entered on her contract with Warners, involving a million dollars, Ralph insisted on signing away any community rights in the contract. And Ruth has announced that the divorce will in no way affect their "professional partnership"—that they are, in fact, planning to produce a play together in the Fall.



Both Ralph Forbes and George Brent have made love to Ruth Chatterton on the screen. At top, Ruth and her first husband in "A Lady of Scandal." Lower, Ruth and her next husband in "The Crash," upon the completion of which she confirmed rumors of divorce and new marriage





Mae West, who writes plays about lurid sin and then acts in them (if the police don't interfere), makes her movie début in "Night After Night." Her manager says she doesn't smoke. The cigarette above is just for effect

MAE WEST, BROADWAY'S MOST DARING ACTRESS, DROPS INTO HOLLYWOOD

Playwright-Actress, Whose Plays About Sex
Have Often Been Raided, Will Make One
Film—Is Different From What Hollywood
Expected

By MADGE TENNANT

TO thousands of people who love to be shocked, the name of Mae West stands for plays and novels that portray gilded and sexy sin. Every new Mae West production on Broadway brings a new gasp, thrill, blush, shudder, shock or shiver, according to the nature of the theatregoer. And now this blonde author-actress, whose plays abound with seductive sinners, effeminate men, Diamond Lils and gigolos, has come to the capital of sex. You will see her in "Night After Night," with Nancy Carroll and George Raft. And if the public likes her in this picture, you will probably see more of her.

"Divine!" says Mae of Hollywood. But she didn't look especially happy when we saw her at the Legion boxing matches the other night, with her manager. She looked about her, frowning, and few people noticed her.

"Oh, it's divine not to be recognized," Mae insists. "I'm so happy to be able to go about without being followed by crowds."

Her manager adds: "I have refused a thousand dollars a night just to have Miss West visit a night-club so that they can advertise that she has been there. Despite popular opinion—probably because of the sensational nature of her plays—Miss West does not indulge in night life after the theatre. She doesn't drink, and she doesn't smoke. But she often sits up to three in the morning in her apartment, writing plays, novels, songs."

If, as is claimed for her, Mae West is only thirty-one years old, she must have worked hard and fast to produce the enormous volume of Broadway successes, books, vaudeville acts, skits, and popular songs that have appeared under her name. Unkind gossipers who hint that she must have a ghost writer for some of her work are given the lie by her manager.

"Most people only talk about what they're going to do when they get the time," he says. "Miss West makes the time. She's the hardest-working little gal in the country. She has been on the stage since she was a child."

In her colorful history, there are several trips to jail after her plays were raided by the police. But, undaunted, she simply wrote another, even hotter, for the next season.

Mae thinks that several of her plays would make good motion pictures, particularly "Diamond Lil." Hollywood, having seen pictures of Mae as the bosomy *Lil*, was hardly prepared for the lissom little blonde who stepped off the train. "And I haven't dieted, either!" she avers. "I never was fat. I never weighed an ounce over a hundred and nineteen. That was padding." Hollywood wonders if she will be a sensation in Hollywood, where sex is a trade mark and not a novelty. Time—and Mae, herself—will tell.

REMEMBER BABY PEGGY? SHE'S BACK AGAIN—AS A YOUNG LADY

Famous Child Star, Who Had Made Her Million And Left The Screen At The Age Of Five, Is Now Thirteen—She's Still Full Of Mischief, And Will Play Tomboy In Comedy Series

By EVELYN DERR

REMEMBER "Baby Peggy," the mischievous, black-eyed urchin who was a star in silent pictures? She is returning to the screen—this time as Peggy Montgomery. She is now thirteen, tall, slender, and with the poise that a woman of thirty might envy. Her own generation (female) would term her "cute," her



Meet Peggy Montgomery, 13, who used to be Baby Peggy—and still has those eyes. She has been growing up on a Wyoming "dude" ranch

own generation (male) would call her "a babe."

"There have never been any other child playersexactlylikeme," says Peggy—not boastfully, but in the manner of one stating an undebatable fact. "I was a star at twenty months old. I had made a million when I was five."

It was eight years ago that Baby Peggy left the movies to tour in vaudeville in an act with her father. Three years ago, the hard life of the four-a-day began to tell on the growing child. She had worked eight and a half of her ten years; she had earned—and, rumor says, lost—a fortune. Nature demanded her pay. Baby Peggy—for she was still so billed, in spite of length of legs—lost her appetite, couldn't sleep, grew alarmingly thin.

The Montgomerys bought a ranch near Laramie, Wyoming, and Baby Peggy "retired." It was a "dude" ranch, which depended on boarders for a living, and the family employed no servants, the guests being waited on by Peggy and her sister, two years older. Cooking, washing dishes, studying at the district school with the four other pupils, and spending all her spare time in the saddle, Peggy regained her health (though she is still five pounds underweight, she says) and the memory of Hollywood and fame faded away.

Once—a year ago—the family brought Peggy to Hollywood to try her luck in the talkies, but a few visits to the studios convinced them that the time was not yet ripe for her return. She was at the growing,



Baby Peggy, the only child who was ever a star at two, looked like this shortly before she left the screen, at the age of five. Her mischief delighted a nation

awkward, in-between age. They returned to the ranch.

Recently, the three Gleasons—James, Lucille and Russell—were signed to make a series of twelve two-reel comedies for Educational, featuring different sports. They needed a tomboy of thirteen or fourteen to play opposite Russell, and their need got into the newspapers. Immediately, they were swamped with letters and telegrams from parents and girls all over the United States, begging for the job. After one day of interviewing clamoring mothers and girls, Jimmy Gleason fled the scene and called his friend, Mary Pickford, to see if she could suggest any girl for the part. And with Mary when he called was Baby Peggy, come to pay a call on her old friends. She was engaged without a test.

"I hope I'm back to stay," says Peggy (the "Baby Peggy" will be put after her name in parentheses in the billing). "But everything's new and different. My first day at the studio, I didn't know how anything was done. I'm ready for high school, and I'll keep up with my studies at the studio. Beaus? I'm too busy!"

Recently Divorced Star Begs Studio To Release Her—Longs To Rejoin Jaspar Deeter's Hedgerow Players, Little Theatre Group In East, With Whom She Got Her Acting Start—Would Forfeit \$250,000 By Step



By DON WINTERS



Wallace

Ann Harding (left) is willing to give up screen stardom and a quarter-million dollars to return to the tiny Hedgerow Theatre (above), where acting was a thrill to her, not a business

ANN HARDING WILLING TO TEAR UP CONTRACT AND ABANDON CAREER

THE secret is out. Ann Harding has offered to leave Hollywood and the screen—and the sooner, the better. "I want to go back to the Hedgerow Theatre." Thus she answered the question put to her by a studio executive: "And if we gave you your release, as you beg us to do, what would you do?"

It has been rumored that she will no longer be starred; that blonde Julia Hayden, who looks startlingly like her, is being groomed to take her place; that her recent divorce from Harry Bannister has hurt her popularity. However, Ann is under contract to star for RKO until May, 1933, and has four more pictures to make. The studio also holds an option on her services for an additional year.

The new RKO production executive had asked Ann to meet with him to discuss her forthcoming pictures. Ann expressed her displeasure over the last two pictures given her, and announced that she would be happy to settle her contract without a financial consideration. It isn't often that a star offers to sacrifice a quarter of a

million dollars for an ideal. The studio official doubtless gasped as he denied this unusual request. His exhibitors, he said, demanded Ann Harding.

In a story in the May MOVIE CLASSIC, called "Some Things Ann Harding Has Never Told Till Now," she related her affection for the Hedgerow Theatre. But she did not reveal that her sentiment was sufficiently strong to cause her to make an effort to bolt the movies and its money for a tiny Little Theatre movement.

The Hedgerow Theatre is located in a wealthy Quaker settlement near Philadelphia. It got its name when Jaspar Deeter, its founder, rented an abandoned mill beside a hedgerow to convert into a the-

atre. Into this small group of struggling players came Ann Harding, a young girl seeking stage experience. She lived with the other actresses in

a sort of community house. She found Jaspar Deeter a relentless taskmaster, a dynamo of energy, satisfied with nothing short of perfection. She gives him full credit for teaching her all she knows about acting. He taught her the thrill of acting.

Now, Ann wants to leave pictures, close her Hollywood home, take her little girl and go back permanently to Hedgerow, where she will feel more at home. To do this, she will have to pay an enormous

price in dollars, if allowed to have her way, but she will be compensated in contentment.



Ann wants to return to work with Jaspar Deeter (above), who made her an actress



SARI MARITZA

Where did the little Dutch-English beauty with the Viennese name get those sad, dreamy eyes? She had them as The Other Girl in "Forgotten Commandments." But in the last picture she made abroad, "Monte Carlo Madness," they were wide-open and sparkling. All of which seems to prove that a girl who is a comédienne in one country may be a tragédienne in another. While waiting to start her second American picture, she is renewing her friendship with Charlie Chaplin, who "discovered" her in London

Richee



Coburn

Here's one of those Hollywood believe-it-or-nots—one of the talkies' best little heart-stealers dressed like a Girl Scout! (And showing an interest in wildflowers, of all things.) But Jill, who doesn't mind confessing she's English, can't see any sense in looking "dangerous" in her own backyard. (It's on a hilltop.) But in "Thirteen Women"—ah, that's a different matter altogether!

JILL ESMOND



Powolny

VIVIAN REID

Well, well, well—see what's growing up in the gardens of Movie-tone City! Vivian is one of the many sweet young things who were transplanted from the stage when the movies went musical—and one of the few who survived the frost that followed. Since then, she has been going to dramatic school, playing "bits" between classes. It won't be long now before she will blossom out in feature!



Hurrell

The Great Lover of silent days once more puts his heart in his work—and the reason is the blonde girl in his arms. Watch him well in "Downstairs" (which he wrote, by the way), for it may be his farewell to acting. And Virginia's, too. If all goes as the advance publicity would have it, they will be married soon after August 15th—and after the honeymoon John will turn director

**JOHN GILBERT
AND
VIRGINIA BRUCE**



Richie

**JEANETTE MACDONALD
AND
MAURICE CHEVALIER**

They're getting like Prohibition and Repeal—you can't mention one without thinking of the other. Except that neither Jeanette nor Maurice upset anyone; both amuse. And give the impression of also having a pretty gay time, themselves. At the present moment, in "Love Me Tonight," Maurice is showing Jeanette (and you) how an Apache of Paris could make love—if he really tried



JEAN HARLOW

Like the cover, this close-up of the new Mrs. Paul Bern shows her with the red hair she wore for "Red-Headed Woman." And if you can tell where her own platinum blonde locks end and the titian wig begins, you must have a microscope. But Jean, who's very thoughtful these days, hopes you won't need a magnifying glass to see her as she really is, in the future. The story opposite tells you what she means

C. S. Bull

Platinum Blonde Wins Stardom and Husband as a Redhead

BY
TERRENCE
COSTELLO

JEAN HARLOW did the best acting of her career in "Red-Headed Woman" — and there was a very good reason. She saw in the rôle, flaming though it was, the dawn of an opportunity to be a new, more human Jean Harlow. And her recent marriage to Paul Bern is likely to have a tremendous influence on her future, also. Who knows? Some day, you may even see her as she really is!

You haven't yet— for Jean is not the girl she seems on the screen. Far from it, and much to the contrary. Some girls get the leaping jitters whenever they gaze upon an attractive man—and can't do anything about it, because they look like meek little church mice; other girls look like Flaming Mamies to the boys, and deep inside are as cold as the proverbial herring. In a different way, the strange case of Jean Harlow also fits into the list of girls who are different from the way they look.

For here is a girl who (professionally) appears as lureful, sinful, and committed to dark ways as any woman on the screen. Yet in real life she is as modest, gentle, well-bred, kindly and sincere as you'd find in a year's inspections of convents.

It may be inferred that I approve of this young lady. I do. But 'twas not always thus. When duty first required me to interview La Belle Harlow, it was with



As the all-too-frank office wife of "Red-Headed Woman," Jean Harlow had a chance to win audience sympathy at last. And as the bride of Paul Bern she is in love for the first time in her life. Out of the two new experiences may come a star who is like the Jean Harlow of real life!

distinct misgivings that I approached the task. Having viewed her in "Hell's Angels," "The Secret Six," "Iron Man," "The Public Enemy," "Platinum Blonde," "Beast of the City" and so on, it was a prejudiced attitude that I imported into her domicile. And prejudiced not in her favor.

But a half-hour with the delightful person who is Harlean Carpenter in real life and whose screen shadow bears the label "Jean Harlow," and I was getting all throat-lumpy with the injustice of her case. For here— and this re-

porter has met practically all of them—was one of the few young women of the cinematic world deserving of that much-misused term, "charm." And forced to disguise that charm beneath the spectacular ambush of all that platinum hair, jewelry, heavily made-up eyes and low-cut white satin for screen purposes!

(Continued on page 74)

Cecil B. De Mille studies a sketch of a mob scene for "The Sign of the Cross"—in which he will liken the modern world to the irreligious Rome of Nero's day



Richee

As in his previous spectacles, a distinguished cast will enact "The Sign of the Cross," which De Mille has planned for thirty years. Claudette Colbert (below), in the most exotic role of her life, will play Poppaea, symbolizing women whose beauty works evil, not good

IS HOLLYWOOD DOOMED?

asks De Mille

The famous producer of "The Ten Commandments" predicts that the whole modern world, as typified by Hollywood, is facing the same fate that befell ancient Rome when Nero ran wild. Moreover, he's producing a spectacular picture to show the world just what he means!

CECIL B. DE MILLE, prophet of the movies, has a new million-dollar message for the world. Civilization, he says, is approaching a catastrophe; the modern world—Hollywood included—is facing the fate of ancient Rome. And he is going to show the world what he means in a spectacular picture, "The Sign of the Cross." He is going to draw

a parallel between those irreligious times and these. Here in Hollywood, says De Mille, is luxury beside which the glories of Nero's Golden House pale into insignificance—and it can't last, he predicts. Everywhere in the cities of the earth, in this year of our Lord 1932, he sees waste, extravagance and wantonness—and even schoolgirls learning how to be glittering, but wicked



Dyar

ladies (who would put to shame the sirens of ancient Rome). How much longer, he asks, can all this last?

"Whenever mankind has needed a leader to save it from catastrophe," says De Mille, "one has arisen. Who knows? Perhaps the despised art of the scene has been chosen to help humanity in this crisis! It isn't new truths the world needs—the old truths are still true. *It is a warning that the world needs.*"

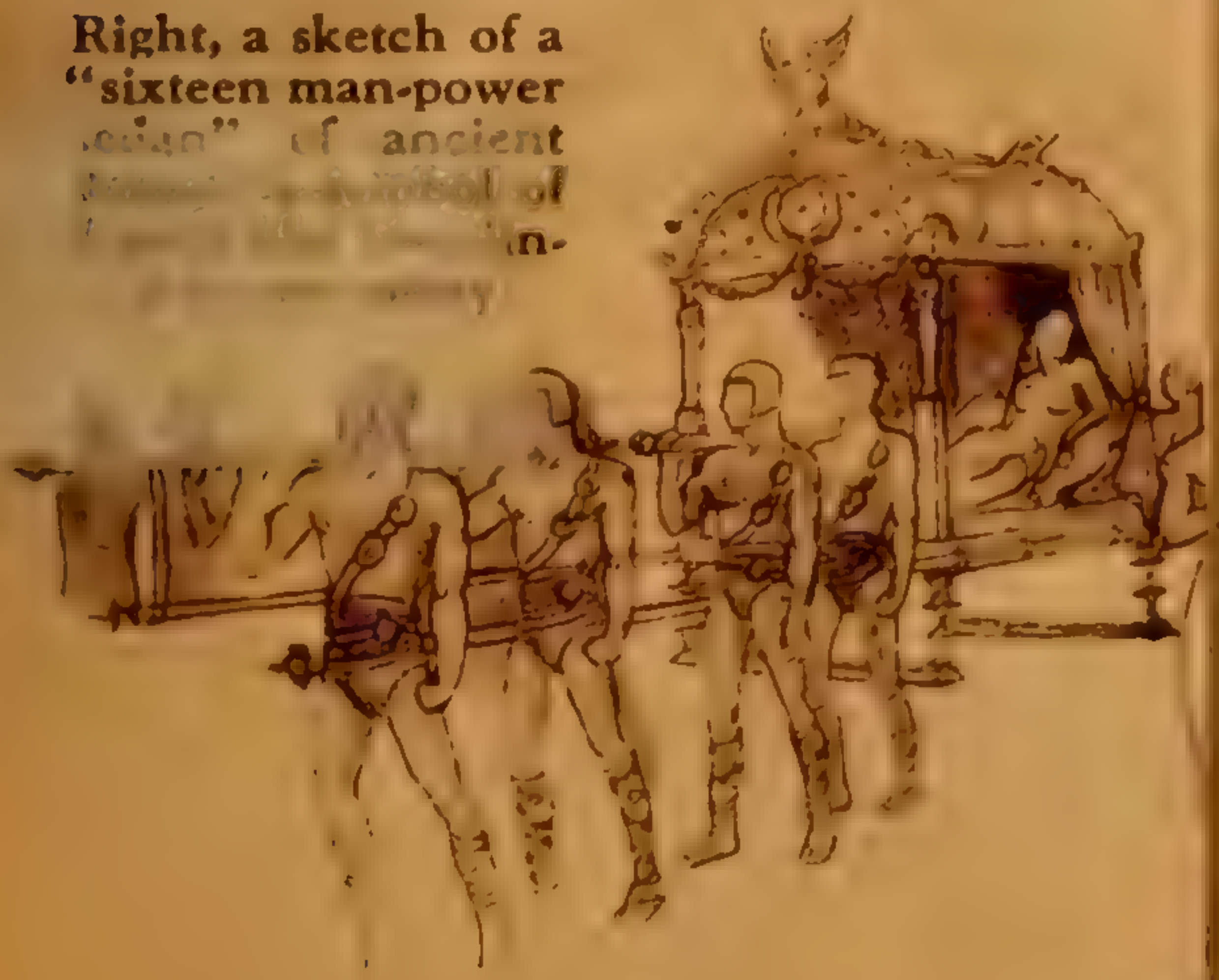
In his new spectacle—the first he has made since sound was added to pictures—he believes, ardently and sincerely, that he is going to give not only entertainment, but a stern warning to the world to heed the fate of Rome and its punishment before it is too late.

For more than thirty years Cecil B. De Mille has been planning to make "The Sign of the Cross" on the screen. During this time he has been studying every history, chronicle and record of the days when the gross, pot-bellied Caesar called Nero invented new pleasures to stir his sated appetites, and when a despised sect called Christians gathered secretly outside wicked Rome to reminisce about a carpenter of Judea, recently executed for sedition by the Romans.

You Can't Ignore Him

THIS somewhat bald, handsome, charming man who, alone of his family, spells his name with a capital "D," is one of the most colorful human beings in Hollywood. You may ridicule what he says—but you will quote him. You may criticize his extravagant spectacles as "hokum," but no critic can talk them off the screen. Well-born and well-educated, he cannot be dismissed by Hollywood satirists as a "pants-presser producer." He is a good enough

Right, a sketch of a "sixteen man-power sedan" of ancient Rome—symbol of the power of the emperor.



Above, an artist's sketch of a gown of ancient Rome—no more daring, says De Mille, than modern evening gowns. Left, top to bottom, a sketch of the interior of Marcus' luxurious palace—like a spendthrift millionaire's home to-day; a sketch of a private Roman bath—hardly more lavish, says De Mille, than some Hollywood baths; a sketch of Poppaea in her sunken bath ("of asses' milk, not water," says De Mille); and a sketch of Nero "fiddling while Rome burns." De Mille says Hollywood is filled with Neros

business man to be a member of the Chamber of Commerce, a good enough artist to be invited to roam at will through Soviet Russia (where the artist is worshiped), and he is intensely religious, being the guiding spirit in many church movements and the founder of a handsome new building dedicated to the use of all churches and creeds.

And he is also—to judge by his pictures—something of an epicure in his love of display and luxury. Now he proves to be a historian, an economist and a prophet, as well. For in the rapid rise of the Roman Empire, its mad power, and frantic abandon to pleasure he reads a parallel to the history of America, and in its unlooked-for fall and remorseless punishment he foresees what may be

(Continued on page 70)

HERBERT MARSHALL

is just the opposite of GABLE

What manner of man is Herbert Marshall? That's what Hollywood wondered last year when his wife, Edna Best, ran away from film fame because she was "lonesome" for him. And the town's wondering it again now—with the young English actor on the scene, himself, to play opposite Marlene Dietrich!

By DOROTHY MANNERS

WHEN Edna Best did her famous run-out on M-G-M and John Gilbert last year, giving as her reason, "I am lonesome for my husband in New York," Hollywood tapped a figurative temple. For a young actress to walk out on a leading ladyship with John Gilbert and a studio contract, merely because she missed her husband ("of all people") was as unbelievable as a Ripleyism. The gentleman's name was Herbert Marshall.

A year later, Josef von Sternberg became so insistent that Herbert Marshall, and no one else but Herbert Marshall, play the lead opposite Marlene Dietrich in "The Blonde Venus" that it was necessary to buy the rest of the run of his (and Edna Best's) Broadway show, "There Is Always Juliet" (pay off the cast, the manager and the author's royalties), in order to close it so that Mr. Marshall could come to Hollywood.

Is it any wonder that before the arrival of Mr. Marshall in Hollywood the old town was asking herself: "What manner of man is this that a girl gives up a career for him, and a studio buys out his play just to secure his services?" The consensus of opinion was that Herbert Marshall could be nothing short of another Clark Gable. To the contrary!

Here is one of those devastatingly charming Englishmen. He is unlike any actor I have ever met. He is not a potential rival for the hysterical crown of Clark Gable. His is the very antithesis of the Gable appeal. The



Herbert Marshall, who refused to let lameness keep him from acting, is one newcomer who won't be accused of imitating Gable. Left, with his wife, Edna Best, who couldn't stand Hollywood last year without him

wallop he packs is not to the point of the heroine's chin, but to her funny-bone, to all the fine points of her imagination and her zest for conquest of the unconquerable. In short, Mr. Marshall, *off the screen*, is very much as Ronald Colman is *on the screen*—and mind you, Ronnie at his most charming. It becomes very clear why Edna Best Marshall did that run-out on Hollywood!

What Makes Him "Dangerous"

HE is medium-tall, and medium-dark in coloring. He is, I should judge, about thirty-two or thirty-three years of age. His speaking voice is low, humorous, English. But his real danger to women is this: he walks with a limp, a decided limp, all the more noticeable because he ignores it so completely. Show me the woman who can resist the appeal of a handsome, injured man,

who presents neither explanation nor cognizance of that injury unless it is dragged out of him for the grinding mills of publicity—or to be polite to a curious reporter.

We talked about everything under the sun before we got around to that limp . . . of Hollywood (incidentally, he is sold on the town) . . .

of the charm of Marlene Dietrich and the likable eccentricities of von Sternberg . . . of Tallulah Bankhead, the amazing Tallulah, with whom he had played on the stage in London . . . of the disputed script of "The Blonde Venus" . . . of Edna Best's famous flight from Hollywood just when film fame beckoned . . .

(Continued on page 66)

COLLEEN
MOORE
comes back...
and how
the girl has
changed!



C. S. Bull

It was almost three years ago that Colleen waved goodbye—but she never said she wouldn't be back. And here she is, fresh from stage triumphs, newly married (to Albert Scott, broker), and without the "bangs" she made famous. She's a new personality, and eager to do new things. Welcome home, Colleen—and long may you shine again!



Welbourne

Wonder what Ruth Chatterton and George Brent—seen here in before-and-"after" effect on the gown shop set—talked about between scenes of "The Crash"? It was just after they finished this picture (their second together) that Ruth went to Europe and announced her plans to divorce Ralph Forbes. Wonder what she told George beforehand—and what George may have replied?

**WHAT DO MOVIE
ABOUT BETWEEN**



Lippman

COUPLES TALK LOVE SCENES?

There used to be romance rumors about William Powell and Kay Francis, too, every time they played together. But now Bill is very much married to Carole Lombard, and Kay is happily Mrs. Kenneth MacKenna. Between scenes of "One-Way Passage," while they relaxed on the set of the Singapore bar, what they did was to rehearse the next scene—with wisecracks on the side



SHEILA TERRY

With Ann Dvorak staging a walkout, some other girl is going to get a big break—and it may be Sheila, who also got her start as a dancer. Maybe it's accidental, but in this pose she looks a bit like Dorothy Mackaill. Warners, anxious to discover what their new find does best, have given her a minor part in almost every picture they've made recently. Meanwhile, she's trying to keep cool and calm!

Fryer

JEAN HARLOW should make a good wife and mother!

Maybe that's hard to believe, after seeing how "dangerously" romantic she is on the screen—but Louise Rice, who's famous for reading character secrets in handwriting, says that Jean's writing proves it to be true. And she reveals many other things you may never have suspected about Jean!

By LOUISE RICE

"GENTLEMEN prefer blondes" has become an accepted saying, and if all blondes were like Jean Harlow, I could well understand their preference. But the amusing side of the matter is that most gentlemen will *not* accept Jean as she is, but as someone exotic and strange and hard to understand. Yet her handwriting shows that she is a sincere and friendly person, who is often puzzled by the reactions that people expect her to possess.

There is a very good reason for this misunderstanding and that is found in her striking appearance, which does not rely on her platinum blonde hair, as proved by "Red-Headed Woman." But there is little pretense about this girl, as her handwriting shows—with its simple, clear and sometimes almost childish letter formations. She is a person who wants to live a sane and amusing life, with plenty of interesting work and the friendship and affection which are so necessary to a person of her type. She will always be just Jean Harlow, good, bad, or indifferent; and if you do not like her as she is, leave her alone—take it or leave it.

(Continued on page 60)



Murrell

Please know I
am very grateful
for your nice
article - and shall
put it in my scrap book
with pride -
Appreciatively Jean Harlow



ANALYZE YOUR OWN HANDWRITING

Louise Rice has perfected a chart known as a Grapho-scope, which enables you to analyze your own handwriting. It will reveal your proper vocation. Also analyzes love and congenial friendships. Get one to-day! Send your name and address to Louise Rice, MOVIE CLASSIC, 1501 Broadway, New York, N. Y. Enclose a stamped (3¢), self-addressed envelope and 10 cents to cover clerical expenses.

Will Hollywood Change PAUL MUNI, Or Will He Change HOLLYWOOD?

By CRUIKSHANK

PAUL Muni is one hundred per cent American. It wasn't always so. But Hollywood has turned the trick—even where New York failed, as did a dozen different cities. It was Hollywood that did the presto-change-o act which turned Muni Weisenfreund into Paul Muni. It was Hollywood that ripped the putty nose from Muni's face and called him from behind the whiskers of character rôles to be the handsome hero. And all this without the aid of mirrors!

It was Hollywood, too, that in the process of Americanizing the great star, made him "Scarface." And it is Hollywood that now casts this once Continental troupier as a fugitive from a Georgia chain-gang. And what could be more American than that!

Although Muni played, and played with distinction, some three hundred and fifty rôles in the Jewish Art Theatre during an acting career begun when he was less than a dozen years old, he might just as well have come to the Land of the Spree in 1926. Prior to that, although the idol of the East Side, his name was unknown and his fame



The movies changed his name, the first time he left Broadway—to be the first and only actor to play seven rôles in one picture. The second time, he made "Scarface"—and that was the last word about gangsters. He isn't interested in stardom, but just good rôles. If he gets them, Hollywood and you will get a glimpse of some REAL acting!

unsung by Broadway's bards. And so great is the distance between East Side—West Side, that the player might have remained in his native Vienna.

In fact, the distance between New York and Hollywood, and the space between obscurity and fame, is more easily bridged than the brief step 'cross-town. So when Muni did a hop-skip-jump to appear on Broadway in "We Americans," he entered a New World. And that's no figure of speech. For his part in "We Americans" was the first he ever played in the English language! Each of the dramatic big-bugs pompously "discovered" the youngster who had enacted countless rôles less than a dozen speakeasies away from their blazed trails.

He was "this brave, new player"; the "newly discovered Warfield"; the "find of many seasons." And Otto (the Great) Kahn boldly quoth that "Wisenfrend has the finest future of any actor to-day!" Note, incidentally, the way Otto spelled the name. That was Broadway's idea of simplification!

But the wise guys of the Cinema City weren't on their toes. And when "We
(Continued on page 71)

"His eyes don't stray to other faces since I took my beauty expert's advice"

She said: "Start tonight! Apply this beauty treatment to your skin. Use this soap rich in olive oil. See how yielding softness — youthful firmness returns to the skin."



WARNING—to careless youth—to discouraged age—to women of all ages who know...but too often forget, the lure of a soft, seductive skin.

Don't ignore it! Never forget it! Remember—there is a simple, easy way to guard the inviting skin of youth...to win back the charm that you may think you are losing as you grow older.

Olive oil in soap is the answer. Doctors advise it from the time of baby's first bath—even an olive oil rub *before* baby's first bath. Beauty experts are unanimous in advising it to their patrons. In fact, nothing compares with the softening, soothing, firming effect of olive oil.

But how to use olive oil. The answer is Palmolive Soap. For Palmolive chemists know the exact proportion of olive oil needed to produce a genuine cosmetic effect in soap.

Remember—beauty claims don't make a beauty soap. A real beauty soap must have a known beauty ingredient. Palmolive's beauty claim is based on olive oil. Don't expect beauty results from a soap that does not contain Palmolive's generous olive oil content.

Watch—expectantly, confidently for visible results from Palmolive. Notice how satiny smooth and clear skin becomes after regular use of Palmolive Soap.



"Don't try this, that and the other thing. Olive and palm are the finest of cosmetic oils. Palmolive combines them for you in an excellent skin cleanser. I endorse its use after prolonged experiment in my salon."

Elin Dahlstrand,
Stockholm's most distinguished beauty expert.



Keep that Schoolgirl Complexion

Teens _ Twenties _

WHICH STAR IS

"I'm 18"

VIRGINIA LEE CORBIN



"I'm 20"

JEAN HARLOW

"I'm 27"

DOROTHY MACKAILL



"I'm 28"

ILSE MARVENGA

"Beauty is
not a matter
of Birthdays"

*Screen Stars declare—
and these pictures prove it*

Which one of these lovely favorites is near *your* age? Do you, too, know that beauty is not at all a matter of birthdays? "We *must* keep youthful charm right through the years," the stage and screen stars say—"in spite of birthdays!"

Looking at these recent photographs you want to know their secret! "To keep youthful charm you must guard complexion beauty very carefully," they declare. "Youthful skin is absolutely necessary."

How do these stars stay so ravishingly young looking? How do they guard complexion beau-

LUX

Thirties _ Forties _ NEAREST YOUR AGE ?

ty? "We use Lux Toilet Soap," they say. "Regular care with this nice white soap does wonders for the skin!"

No matter what their age, they find in this luxurious soap the perfect complexion care.

"I'm 18," says Virginia Lee Corbin, "but already I've begun to take regular care of my complexion with Lux Toilet Soap."

"I'm 40," says Irene Rich. "Keeping the velvety youthful texture of your skin is mighty important. I've used Lux Toilet Soap for years."

How 9 out of 10 Screen Stars guard complexion beauty

Of the 694 important Hollywood actresses, including all stars, 686 guard their complexions with Lux Toilet Soap. It is the official soap for dressing rooms in *all* the great film studios.

Why don't you try this gentle, fragrant white soap—start using it today!

"I'm 30"

JUDITH ANDERSON



"I'm 34"

BEVERLY BAYNE

"I'm 38"

ETHEL CLAYTON



"I'm 40"

IRENE RICH

Toilet Soap

Is Marlene Dietrich Being Frightened Away From America?

(Continued from page 23)

Causes of Her Unhappiness

AND then she was told that she must not mention her child, must not wear the locket with Maria's picture, which she showed proudly to everyone. She was bewildered. Why shouldn't she tell she had a child? A beautiful little girl whom she adored? Why would Americans not like her so well on the screen if they knew she was a mother? What strange people! She did not—could not—forebear talking about her child.

By this time the press began to print many things that Marlene did not understand. Often she was deeply hurt. Once, in a burst of tears, she fled from an interviewer when the writer compared her to Greta Garbo.

Her recent quarrel with Paramount, when she declined to make a picture with another director than von Sternberg, added to her unhappiness. Marlene has been very lonely in Hollywood and von Sternberg has proved a staunch friend as well as a careful, sensationally successful director. At first she tried going to parties, but she stood at one side, gazing wonderingly at the strange ways in which Americans amused themselves, listening with growing boredom to the continual talk of pictures and contracts which is Hollywood's social chatter. Now Marlene does not go to many parties. Her men friends can be counted on the fingers of one hand—von Sternberg, Hans von Twardowski, Maurice Chevalier. Her close women friends would leave several fingers to spare—Joan Crawford, Tallulah Bankhead, Bebe Daniels, and a Viennese princess married to an American business man.

A foreigner's confidence in the safety of our institutions must have been sadly shaken by the huge losses of Nils Asther, and other foreign stars in the Hollywood bank failure. "I had not a penny in that bank," Marlene declares, "but many of my friends had."

However, it was when her secretary, opening the morning mail, came on a kidnaping letter, a demand for money, a threat to steal little Maria, that terror of what could happen in this country must have struck Marlene's heart. Bewildered and frightened by a series of unpleasant events, it is easy to believe that when Marlene goes to Europe soon, she may not return.

Has No Permanent Ties Here

SHE has formed no permanent ties. Her life here has been lived in temporary fashion. Unlike a majority of stars, who first sign a motion picture contract and then rush out and buy a house, Marlene has chosen to live in rented homes.

"Why should I buy a home in Hollywood?" she asks. "I rent a very nice house. It is suitable for Maria and me and I have no responsibilities, like taxes and other bothersome things. I do not intend to buy any real estate here. I don't want to be tied down."

Marlene is very frank in her determination that Maria shall be raised in Europe. She does not attend an American school but has her lessons at home with a German governess.

"I want her to have a fine education, an education that she can get only in Europe," Marlene says, frankly. "I want her to be surrounded by European culture. After all, she is German and it is better for her to be brought up in her own country."

Inasmuch as Maria is now nearly eight years old, her "bringing up" must necessarily start soon, which lends weight to the rumor that Berlin will soon be Marlene's

permanent address. Little Maria told me that she does not want to go back to Germany. Just now she is very much enamored with her swimming pool, the beach, going to the studio to have lunch with her mother and playing around the sound stage with little Dickie Moore, who is working in "The Blonde Venus" with Marlene.

But the child's play has been considerably hampered since the kidnaping threats were received. She is no longer allowed to run on the beach. She must always be within sight of her governess and two heavily armed guards. When she goes to the studio to meet her mother, she is accompanied by the governess, the chauffeur and a guard.



Unhappiness doesn't alter Marlene's appearance much in real life. But this is how she appears after hard luck comes her way in "The Blonde Venus." Compare with the exotic platinum blonde dancer on page 23

When Marlene received the first threat note, she immediately turned to Mr. von Sternberg; before he even notified the police, he sent one of his most trusted employees to Marlene's house to protect her. Later it was discovered that this man, sent to guard Marlene's own house, had been convicted of a federal offense. Isn't that enough to destroy her confidence in anyone?

How She Has to Be Protected

A SUCCESSION of threats followed. Iron bars were placed over every window in the house, making it look like a high-class private jail. A double lock was placed on every door; the iron gate padlocked; an elaborate electric alarm system installed.

No one can walk down the quiet street on which Marlene lives without being watched by two guards. If anyone hesitates even for a moment, he is immediately suspected, questioned.

Inside the house a German police dog, powerful and intelligent, guards his youthful mistress. During the first few weeks after the threats were received, the dog became ill.

"He's a sick dog. You'll have to leave him in the hospital for a few days," the veterinary said.

"Sick or well, he must be home tonight," Marlene replied. She had faith in her dog. He is German!

Alone in a strange country, not understanding our little kidnaping habits, can she be blamed for being afraid? And Marlene has been afraid. It is whispered that she is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. When an enterprising news service photographer recently dodged the watchers on the lot and caught a snapshot of her walking with a burly detective, which was printed in the next morning's papers, Marlene was so overwrought that she had to leave the studio for the day.

When her husband, Rudolph Sieber, returned to Europe after his recent visit, underworld threats forced him to cross Chicago and New York under a heavy guard of private detectives. Even her friend, director and discoverer, Josef von Sternberg, has been advised to take precautions to protect himself. Iron workers spent a month installing artistic, but effective grille work over the windows of his Hollywood apartment. The back door, while an ordinary door to the casual observer, is lined with bullet-proof steel. He also keeps two German shepherd dogs, one wire-haired terrier and one Scottie in the apartment. When he drives out in his shining limousine, he is accompanied by his chauffeur and two armed men.

How She "Helped" the Police

CHIEF BLAIR, of the Beverly Hills police force, and District Attorney Buron Fitts are enthusiastic in their praise of Miss Dietrich.

"We immediately branded the kidnaping threats as the work of an amateur, either a crank or a disgruntled servant, but we had to take the same precautions that we would have, if we had thought the threats came from an organized band of racketeers. For an amateur can be just as dangerous," Chief Blair says. "The night we set the trap for the would-be kidnapers, who did not appear, Miss Dietrich refused to go to bed at all. She wanted to be in on everything. At the dinner table she kept jumping up from the table to wait on us, although she had adequate help. And all night, she kept rushing to the kitchen every hour or so to make coffee for the men. It seemed to give her great satisfaction to do things personally. She felt that she was helping."

It was during this time that Marlene's husband, Rudolph Sieber, had to leave for his work in France. Can you imagine his emotions at leaving his wife and baby under such circumstances alone in a strange country? "I'm satisfied that you're doing everything possible to protect my family," he told Chief Blair before leaving. "But—for God's Sake, catch those men and shake them down."

"How do you shake men down, Chief Blair?" asked Maria, enthralled at the interesting prospect.

But it is Marlene who has been shaken, shaken out of her sense of security, shaken out of that Teutonic calm that has masked her emotions so effectively since she came to Hollywood. Who could blame her if she prefers to return to Europe to stay? Her husband, her family, her friends are there. She is financially able to retire from active work this minute if she wishes. If she doesn't wish, she will surely have no trouble in getting all the work she wants in Europe.

Will "Deep Night," the picture scheduled to follow "Blonde Venus," end Marlene's American career? Have we frightened away our best-beloved German star?

Absolutely new

most radical advance in sanitary protection
since the invention of Kotex itself in 1920

the new Phantom★ Kotex

SANITARY NAPKIN
(U. S. Pat. No. 1,857,854)

Leaves no trace of revealing outline—even under closest-fitting frocks.

FROM THE makers of Kotex comes this announcement of supreme importance to women. Announcement of an utterly new design in sanitary protection.

The new PHANTOM★ KOTEX—called Phantom because you are scarcely aware of its presence—is so skilfully shaped and tapered that you wear it under closest-fitting gowns without slightest hint of revealing outline.

Do not be confused. Other sanitary pads calling themselves form-fitting; other styles with so-called tapered ends, are in no sense the same as the new PHANTOM KOTEX, U. S. Patent No. 1,857,854.

Other Kotex features retained

It is—as you will see—amazingly soft—delicate—five times more absorbent than cotton; can be worn on either side with the same protection. Easy disposability is still a superior Kotex advantage.

Another thing: You get this vastly improved product at no increase in cost. So important is it for you to get the new PHANTOM KOTEX that we have stamped the name Kotex on both ends of the new pad. All dealers have it. Also in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Note! Kotex—now at your dealer's—marked "Form-Fitting" is the new Phantom★ Kotex.



To ease
the task of
enlightenment

This message is sent to
parents and guardians
in a spirit of constructive helpfulness.

THIS year—some five million young girls between the ages of 10 and 14 will face one of the most trying situations in all the years of young womanhood.

This year—some five million mothers will face the most difficult task of motherhood.

Thousands of these mothers will sit down in quiet rooms—and from that intimacy so characteristic of today's mother and daughter—there will result that understanding so vital to the daughter of today—the wife and mother of tomorrow.

There will be other thousands of mothers—courageous—intimate in all things but this. There will be thousands too timid to meet this problem—and it will pass—but with what possible unhappiness . . . what heart-breaking experience.

To free this task of enlightenment from the slightest embarrassment—the Kotex Company has had prepared an intimate little chat between mother and daughter. It is called "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."

In this story booklet—the subject has been covered completely . . . in simple understandable form. It is accompanied by a simple plan affording the child complete privacy.

To secure a copy without cost or slightest obligation, parents or guardians may fill in and mail the coupon below. It will come to you in a plain envelope.

Mary Pauline Callender
Room 2165
180 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me copy of "Marjorie May's Twelfth Birthday."
Signed.....
Street.....
City..... State.....

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**Proper Care of
BEAUTY
is less expensive
NOW**



**JONTEEL TOILETRIES
COST ONLY HALF
what you often pay**



Thousands of smart women everywhere are making a thrilling new discovery.

Now it's no longer necessary to judge beauty creations by their price! For Jonteel Toiletries cost only half as much as you've often paid, yet offer all the luxurious quality that a discriminating woman always demands.

How smoothly Jonteel Face Powder blends with your complexion in tint and texture! And how you'll adore its delicate fragrance! As for Jonteel Cold Cream, you'll find it marvelous for three different uses . . . cleansing and nourishing the skin; firming it; preventing irritation and chapping.

Jonteel Toiletries are sold only by Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett and Owl Stores are Rexall Drug Stores, too.

They Told George Brent That He Was Going Blind!

(Continued from page 26)

"And, again, I 'saw' myself as a boy running barefooted over the bogs in the early morning. I found that I could see it in my darkness as clearly as I had seen it then—the peaty soil, the mists rolling back. I could smell the Spring in the air and I knew that I didn't need to see it. There it was, as it had been, forever in my possession—in my memory which, thank God, *had eyes*.

"I could 'see' the Autumn mornings when we went out, my Uncle and I, to round up the sheep who were lambing in the fields. I remembered their mournful, questioning eyes, the soft sounds they made. I could see again the dark, dank, warm little houses we carried them into to bring forth their young. I could smell the sweet, warm smell of the milk I fed the babies out of nursing bottles—forgetting, then, that I was a shy and not very happy little boy, conscious only that I was doing the best I could for creatures in distress. I found that I could 'see' birds nesting and could remember the sight and smell of blossoms in the trees. Things I thought I had forgotten, things that might have been trivial once, came back to me then.

Decided What Real Love Was

"AND one face—one face came back to me. The face of the girl I loved when I was fifteen. The first and only girl I have ever fallen in love with—until now.

"I believe we underestimate youth and the depths of youth and the sufferings and permanence of the emotions of youth. We are liable to say, 'Oh, he's young (or she's young). He'll get over it.' Not necessarily. *I never have*. No, I haven't seen her for years. A great many things have happened since then. I believe she is in London. She's a writer. But believing that I was going blind, somehow, it was her face I saw again—and I felt that it would stay. I didn't know Ruth then.

"Faces and memories in the darkness start a train of thought. I thought of the different kinds of love. There is only one real kind, I decided. And it is NOT the kind based on sex appeal. There is too much stress laid on physical attraction. A certain amount of it is necessary, of course. But I should say that at least seventy-five per cent of love should be mental, should be companionship and sympathy, the one with the other. It is the most devastating thing in life—this physical attraction and the havoc it brings. It is so cheap, and the other kind so rare.

"I know—because I went through that sort of thing, too. I married it. And I went through Hell for nearly two years, although the marriage itself lasted less than six months.

"Perhaps it is because of experience that I know I could never lose my head now, over publicity, over flattery, over the flattery of women, which means absolutely nothing. None of it is sincere. None of them care about *you*. When the curtain goes down and the key is turned in the stage door, you cease to exist as a person.

Only Sensitive Women Matter

"THE only kind of woman who interests me is the intelligent woman. I don't care about the outside. If I were blind, I couldn't see the outside. I never pay any attention to that sort of thing any more. I know that it is what is inside that counts. If the two people who are the right people for each other can get together, can make for themselves a beautiful life by *working* at it, there is nothing in life so

worth while. I think sensitiveness, the one to the other, is the most important thing. Looks and physical attraction are the least important things. It is because I know now what I want that I have been amused and not a little amazed when I have read and heard things about myself—romance rumors linking me with 'sweet-and-pretty' flappers, for instance. Let's get back to the darkness. . . .

"I remembered, when I was 'blind,' the most hideous thing I had ever seen. Unfortunately, things you would like to forget stay with you, too. I was a youngster of nine or ten. A soldier came home from the War—a stranger with a strangely terrible face. One day, suddenly, he opened his coat and showed me his breast and his shirt—*alive with lice*. I thought then, as I think now, that I had never seen a sight so horrible. Somehow, I saw the whole War in that man's misery and ignominy.

"And I saw, too, in that darkness what came to me as the most beautiful thing I had ever seen. No, not a woman's face—but a lighted ship that had passed my ship in the night. Ships that pass in the night—I knew that they would remain with me as the most beautiful things my eyes had ever seen.

"I came to America for the first time when I was eleven. And that memory remained with me, too, though I hadn't thought about it for many years. I could see the dark waters and the averted and voiceless faces of my fellow-passengers, watching for the deadly periscope.

May Never Read Much Again

"FRAGMENTARILY, here and there, other pictures etched themselves on my darkness. The face of Ethel Barrymore for one. I could see her, sharp and clear, as I had seen her seated one night in the theatre. That raking, unforgettable nose of hers, that look of serious, intense concentration on her face, the way she always looks when she is watching a play. I had not known until then how vivid her face was to me. I think the face of Joan Crawford would have stayed with me.

"I saw myself as a kid, stealing candles to read by at nights. The books I'd read—stacks and stacks of them. That was, partly, what ailed my eyes, of course. The enormous amount of night reading I had done, trying to learn, trying to be something had, apparently, come to—this. I didn't regret it. My only regret was that I could never read again. *I may never be able to read again*. My studio script, Odd McIntyre's column and the sports page are all my reading matter now.

"I could see the plays I'd done, the ones I especially cared about—'Seventh Heaven,' 'White Cargo,' 'Lilac Time,' 'Interference,' a few others. I knew that I would miss tennis and I could see, vividly, sets I had played, certain sets where I might have done this instead of that—I played them over again on the dark courts of my mind. I was glad that I cared about music.

"Now it seems to be all over. The doctor was wrong. My eyes are pretty nearly well again and except for the fact that I cannot read, I have no fears and few deprivations.

"Someday, when I have the money I'd like to have, I know where I shall live. A certain place, some seventy-five miles outside of Paris. Ruth loves it, too. I'll have my own home—and children, I hope.

"I thought I was going blind. But I think I found more light in my darkness than I ever found in the sunlight."

Maybe you think you can't use soap on your face—

But read what Science says about that!

THE HALF-FACE

BEAUTY TEST

proves that Woodbury's brings loveliness to the most sensitive skin!

Of 612 women who registered in a nation-wide Beauty Clinic, many thought their complexions too sensitive for soap-and-water cleansing.

Under the dermatologists' orders, each of these women continued to pamper one side of her face with creams alone . . . but the other side of her face she washed every day with Woodbury's Facial Soap.

In a week, that "sensitiveness" disappeared on the Woodbury side. In 30 days, the Woodbury cheeks were smoother, firmer, clearer, brighter.

If you think you can't use soap on your skin, make this "Half-face Test." Keep on coddling one cheek. Wash the other cheek daily with Woodbury's. In a month, the Woodbury side will lose that sensitiveness, that dull, flabby droop.

Your skin needs creams, too. But, first of all, it needs zestful cleansing with Woodbury's Facial Soap. Because it quickens the natural replacement of skin cells, Woodbury's keeps the skin *new* looking, transparently clear. Because it stimulates circulation, Woodbury's makes the skin bright, colorful, and *firm*. And, by keeping pores free of impurities, Woodbury's acts to improve skin texture.

In these things, Woodbury's does much more than an ordinary toilet soap. It is made of the finest oils . . . but, besides, it contains cosmetic substances, expensive balms, and essential oils not found in ordinary soaps. Because of its special formula,

Woodbury's is in itself a scientific beauty treatment in cake form. It has been used by millions of women for over a generation. Begin today to use it on **YOUR** skin. You can buy Woodbury's Facial Soap at drug stores and toilet goods counters everywhere.



Von Horn

FACTS ABOUT NATION-WIDE "HALF-FACE TEST"

- ... conducted by 15 eminent dermatologists*
- ... 612 women registered as patients in 14 cities
- ... each woman cared for left side of face by own chosen method
- ... washed right side of face with Woodbury's Facial Soap
- ... Half-face Test continued 30 days
- ... doctors recorded skin conditions on both sides of face weekly
- ... case records showed greater improvement on Woodbury side in 81 cases of dry, sensitive skin, 115 cases of oily skin, 103 cases of blackheads, 83 cases of large pores, 106 cases of pimples.

*In accordance with professional ethics, the names of these physicians cannot be advertised. They are on file with the Editor of this magazine, and are available to anyone genuinely interested.



COUPON FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY ADVICE

JOHN H. WOODBURY, INC., 921 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio
In Canada, John H. Woodbury, Ltd., Perth, Ontario

I would like advice on *my* skin condition as checked, also week-end kit containing generous samples of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Woodbury's Cold Cream, Facial Cream and Facial Powder. Also copy of "Index to Loveliness." For this I enclose 10¢.

Oily Skin ☐ Coarse Pores ☐ Blackheads ☐
Dry Skin ☐ Wrinkles ☐ Sallow Skin ☐
Flabby Skin ☐ Pimples ☐

Name

Address

TUNE IN on Woodbury's Fridays, 9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T., Leon Belasco Orchestra. WABC and Columbia Network.

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"It's like NEW, Marie!"

"Oui, Madame. I use IVORY SNOW. It makes soft suds without hot water, so the colors do not run."

Easy dissolving in lukewarm water—keeps colors clear...

Ivory Snow is an advanced kind of soap for washing delicate fabrics. Instead of being cut into hard, flat flakes, Ivory Snow, in its liquid state, is BLOWN through sprayers so that it dries in a mist of tiny, soft bubbles.

These bubbles are thirsty. No hot water is needed to dissolve them. They melt into quick, rich suds in water that is just LUKEWARM. No danger, then, with Ivory Snow, of making colors run, of making textures harsh and stiff by plunging your woolens, rayons, or

printed silks into too-hot suds.

No floating particles—no soap spots... The round bits of Ivory Snow leave no flat particles floating in the water which can stick to fabrics and cause soap spots. This is one reason why Mallinson, Cheney Brothers and Truhu, as well as weavers of woolens and blankets call Ivory Snow "the perfect soap." It is especially good for this year's "nubby surfaced" silks, woolens and cottons.

Get Ivory Snow from your grocer. See for yourself how convenient it is—how it saves your clothes. Don't be afraid to use enough to make a thick suds. Ivory Snow is pure—as gentle to fabrics as Ivory Soap is to a baby's tender skin. The suds rinse easily. And the extra-big package costs only 15¢.

Copr. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.



99 ⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % PURE

Jean Harlow Should Make a Good Wife and Mother!

(Continued from page 51)

Some good elf gave her priceless gifts when she was born that have helped her greatly in her upward climb toward stardom. Those gifts are hope, ardor, and enthusiasm. Note the persistent upward trend of her handwriting, which is not artificial, but natural, and shows her optimism and courage. Her will power is only fair, as you will notice if you look at her "t" crossings, which vary a good deal. Look at the "t" in the word "article," which does not really cross the letter and which shows procrastination.

This procrastination, however, will not be shown so much in neglect of her work or obligations, but in a slight shrinking from anything unpleasant or painful. It will probably have more to do with personal matters than with her professional duties. For her handwriting shows that she should be a "good trouper"—willing to give of her best work at all times, and directors who are not too carping and critical should find her very pleasant to deal with.

Easygoing, But Can Scratch

POSSIBLY, the procrastination has something to do with being indolent or lazy when she has nothing really important to occupy her mind. For she loves to be comfortable, and I can almost see her basking and enjoying things just as a fluffy Persian cat would enjoy sunshine and good food and luxurious surroundings. Like a cat, she can also scratch if you try to bother her or are unfair to her or to anyone for whom she cares. For she has a quick temper, although not a long-lasting one, and can say some very cutting and sarcastic things when she is angry, in spite of her good nature.

Her slight weakness of will power has been greatly strengthened by the vivacity and the forward surge of her writing, fortunately for her, and her "f," which is tied in the middle, shows persistence. Note her rounded letter formations and the rightward angle of her handwriting which shows her genial, adaptable nature and indicates that she is really a person of simple tastes.

I do not mean that she would be content without money and luxuries or to live the "simple life" in seclusion and without opportunities of any kind. But there is not found here the real extravagance which loves to throw away money for effect and for useless foolish things. There is no such vanity and stupidity in her writing. Jean will love to spend money, but she has too much of a practical nature to be willing to squander it for nothing. But I do see that she would toss away a good deal if she felt that she could get more when she needed it, and she is in no sense a hoarder of money.

I hope that she will be wise enough to have some "hard-boiled" manager to handle her business affairs. Her greatest danger is that some slick person will work on her sympathy and affections and "take her for a ride," either emotionally or financially. In spite of the shrewdness shown in her closed "b," she will instinctively respond to a cry for help, without stopping to count the cost, when it is from anyone who is clever enough to show a real need for it and who has the personality to attract her attention.

Never Gives Up a Fight

THE strength of her character is that it is progressive. No matter how many times she gets a knockdown blow, she will be able, like a good prize-fighter, to pick herself up before she is counted out and to push onward toward her goal. Her nature at the present time is almost youthfully immature, in spite of the fact that she has

accomplished a great deal from a professional point of view. She may even give the impression of being hard and selfish but, if so, it is put on to protect herself from too many demands upon her time.

In this small specimen of her handwriting, I can see how she is maturing. Notice the words "Please know" and see how almost childish are the letters. Now look at the word "grateful," which shows more mental formations, while the words "with pride" are quite sophisticated and individual. In the fine simplicity of the capital "H" in the word "Harlow," with its long cross-bar, like a sign which is pointing onward and upward, and her high upper loops, we see her ambition and progressiveness.

Speaking of the word "Harlow," it is rather interesting to find in it a wide open "o," and "a," which show emotional generosity, although most of these letters are closed in the body of her note. But there are some hooks in the "H" and some of the ending strokes, which give her some possessiveness, so that she will not be blindly foolish in giving of her time, affections or money, except on occasions. I do not find that she is in the least vain from the ingrown tendency to be absorbed in herself and her desires to the exclusion of everything else.

Yet she enjoys praise and admiration and appreciation which are almost necessities for the Vital Type, especially with the upward movement in the handwriting. For such writers do not enjoy shadows, but love sunshine and action and a full life. They are more successful where they are not confined to uninteresting work or companionship with irritable people, or too much restraint of their natural tendencies. Her extreme good sense, I suspect, gives her the ability to be clever enough to show even less vanity and selfishness than she feels.

Is Willing to Be Taught

FOR Jean Harlow is no saint in a stained glass window but, like a child, does not really mean to be disagreeable, and is usually sorry and asks forgiveness afterwards, if she is. She is most certainly impulsive, impatient and independent, and it would not be strange if the admiration which has been showered upon her should make her feel, somewhat, her importance. But even if she makes you angry, she has a way with her that makes you forgive her.

While her individuality is not her outstanding point at present, she has unusual ability to profit by experience, and a willingness to be taught in her desire to do good work. There is a very good chance for her to go from one success to another, if her love and affection do not interfere. Her rounded letter formations show that she could be a good wife and mother and make her home attractive and comfortable. If Paul Bern, her new husband, is dynamic enough to hold her love and, at the same time, to give her the opportunity for artistic development along other lines beside the screen, I would not be surprised to see Jean Harlow give up her present profession in a few years except for occasional intervals.

There is so much rhythm and movement in her writing that she will not be satisfied with only home and social duties. But some of the other creative arts such as music, writing, or the handling of colors such as murals, or the designing of stage settings or clothes should keep her active mind busy and give her pleasure, if she has the patience to get the necessary training.

She will change greatly in the next few years and her marriage will have a great deal to do with the change. I want to warn her husband not to expect her to be anything else but herself, or to try to make her over into some other type—it just can't be done. While her real name (Harlean Carpenter) does not sound Irish, there is very much of the Irish lilt shown in her writing.

to be Young . . . Splendid!



to remain Young .. Difficult! • but please try!

IF you have YOUTH—you have everything. Life is an exciting play, and you are the leading lady . . . fresh of skin, bright of eye, vivacious, charming.

But how to keep this elusive thing called Youth? Strangely enough, years have little to do with it! You know grandmothers who are young—and school-girls who are old; "girls" of 40—and tired old women of 28!

For Youth is a state of health. Explicitly—*youth depends on internal cleanliness.* It depends on a purified blood stream. To stay young, *take the saline treatment with Sal Hepatica!*

Gently but thoroughly,



Sal Hepatica sweeps your system clean.

Sal Hepatica makes a new person of you. Headaches—colds—indigestion—acidity—and rheumatic twinges are relieved. Your skin becomes clear. Your eyes are bright. You no longer feel world-weary. You're *young*—not old!

In Europe you'd drink the famous saline waters at Carlsbad, Wiesbaden, Aix.

But in America, Sal Hepatica is your convenient equivalent of this fashionable saline treatment.

Today—start feeling *well* again! Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica and follow the saline road to youth and health and beauty.

Sal Hepatica

BRISTOL-MYERS CO., Dept. C6-92 71 West St., New York, N.Y.

Kindly send me the Free Booklet, "The Other Half of Beauty," which explains the many benefits of Sal Hepatica.

Name _____ Street _____
City _____ State _____

REVOLTING!

the job of washing dirty handkerchiefs



Why do it?
use
KLEENEX
disposable tissues
and destroy

THE worst job on earth! That's what any woman says about washing dirty handkerchiefs.

Why inflict this repulsive job on yourself, or anyone else? Use Kleenex, as so many other people now are doing. They started the use of this health handkerchief during colds—then found it impossible *ever* to return to the old unsanitary way.

Daintier than handkerchiefs

Kleenex is made of softest rayon-cellulose, in convenient squares, handkerchief size. These disposable tissues are softer than any handkerchief—downy, dainty, gentle, absorbent. And think how pleasant to use each tissue only once—

selecting a fresh, clean one every time.

If you have been sending washing out, you will find Kleenex a great saving. You can use many tissues for the cost of *one* handkerchief laundered!

Kleenex in rolls, too

Kleenex comes in rolls at 25c, as well as convenient packages. Try the giant Kleenex, too—big sheets, three times usual size! This larger Kleenex is convenient for guest towels, dusting and kitchen use.

'KERFS

are a formal version of Kleenex; smartly bordered tissues, 4 thicknesses instead of 2. Nice enough for "regular" handkerchiefs or tea napkins. Big box, only 25c.

For a sample of Kleenex, write The Kleenex Company, Lake Michigan Bldg., Chicago, Illinois.

KLEENEX disposable TISSUES

Yankee Doodle Dandy Is in the Movies Now

(Continued from page 21)

No one seems to remember just how long it has been since the first flag-waving success of George M. Cohan, which began many years ago in vaudeville. The Four Cohans (mother, father, George and his sister, Josephine) learned early that Americans are continually thrilled by America, and patriotism has been the cornerstone of practically all of his successes.

Cohan, the man himself, reminds you of Jackie Cooper, say, forty years later. He is the folksiest, easiest-going celebrity who ever trekked three thousand miles across the continent, to put his feet on a borrowed desk in a publicity department and talk in kindly slang out of the corner of his mouth about Hollywood and movies and Broadway. When somebody protested that he neither looked nor acted like the advertised slogan for "the spirit of Broadway," Cohan said: "Why should I? I'm Irish and New England originally. The first ten years I lived in New York, I didn't unpack my trunk. I was scared of the town."

Denies He's Scared of the Movies

IT was reported that he was so afraid of his talking picture experiment (he had made several silent pictures years ago) that he turned back in Chicago after the first lap of the journey, only to be persuaded to carry through later. But George M. denies this. The only time he ever backed out of the movie game was two or three years ago when he and Joseph Schenck were planning to form a company together. At the last moment, Cohan decided that the business end of the movies was not his game.

Now that he has been in Hollywood several weeks and has "sat in" on a baker's dozen of conferences, he is convinced it isn't. He says that in New York, when you want to put a show on the boards, you write it and work on it. In Hollywood, when they want to put a picture into production, they just sit around and talk about it.

"The Phantom President" is a political comedy," he said. "It is supposed to be ready for ballyhoo release by election time, or just before. But at the rate we're going now we'll probably hit the Inauguration."

"The last time I stopped in Los Angeles for any length of time," he grinned, "Edythe Chapman and James Neill were the idols of the town. Now it's all Gable and Garbo."

Like most men who have been identified with the theatre for any length of time he likes to reminisce, pull laughable little anecdotes from the back of his memory about people we all know. George M. Cohan has never met Clark Gable, but . . .

The Time Gable Was "Crazy"

IT seems that Cohan had sent one of his shows down to Philadelphia for a try-out a few seasons ago. He had been too busy to go down with the production himself and had permitted his manager to cast and produce the play without his supervision. It was understood that if the show went over, it was to be brought into New York with the Philadelphia cast.

The first few weeks of the run were very encouraging. So encouraging that Cohan wired his manager to bring the show "in" to the Big Town. A return wire came back: "BRINGING ALL BUT LEADING MAN WITH SHOW TO NEW YORK." Cohan wired back: "WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH LEADING MAN? WHO IS HE?" And still another wire from Philadelphia: "NOTHING THE MATTER WITH LEADING MAN EXCEPT HE IS CRAZY. GOING TO HOLLYWOOD TO

TRY LUCK IN THE MOVIES. NAME IS CLARK GABLE."

So, because of the slightly crazy leading man, Cohan brought his show into New York and played the Gable rôle, himself.

Ruth Chatterton and Douglas Fairbanks (the original Doug)—Cohan remembers them, too, from the early days of their Broadway success.

"Ruth was just a kid," he remembers, "and the prettiest little thing you ever saw in your life. I always had a warm spot in my heart for Ruthie. She was a dead ringer in looks for my sister Josie. I had a picture hanging on the wall of my office of Josie, autographed 'With All My Love,' that looked so much like Chatterton it was funny.

"One day, Henry Miller, the producer, who was nuts about Chatterton, you know, dropped up to see me. My offices at the time were right above the theatre where Ruthie was scoring such a hit in 'Come Out of the Kitchen.' Miller was sitting in my office, talking about this and that, when all of a sudden he saw that picture that looked so much like Ruth. Miller read the autograph 'With All My Love' and nearly hit the ceiling. He was so jealous he nearly jumped out the window. I guess he thought I had been sneaking down to the theatre between scenes to court his girl! After I explained about the picture of Josie, he apologized profusely. He was crazy about Ruthie, Miller was."

He thinks it singularly lucky for Douglas Fairbanks that the movies came along just about the time they did. Not that Doug wasn't a good stage actor—"but there just wasn't any stage big enough to hold the spirit of that fellow. He needed a camera and all of Sherwood Forest." Fairbanks, Sr., played in the Cohan show, "Officer 666."

He's No Talker About Himself

HE would much rather tell stories and "just talk" than relay information about himself to the palpitating public. His idea is that all the "old-timers" have heard about all there is to hear about him, and the younger ones would rather hear about the Clark Gables and George Rafts, anyway. But it might just happen that even the "old-timers" might not have heard that he was born on July 4th—"and they say I've been waving the flag ever since," laughs George M. That M., by the way, stands for Michael—George Michael Cohan, the man who has done everything there is to do on the stage, and is in the movies now!

He is reputed to have turned down a million dollars in movie offers, and he says that what brought him West this time was "a rôle right up my alley." It is a dual rôle, as aforementioned. He plays a cool, colorless man of wealth and his "double"—a colorful tramp who is just bursting with personality. The latter character is what finally persuaded him to go farther than "forty-five minutes from Broadway."

He stunned Hollywood by what he did when he first appeared at the studio. The occasion was the first of the conferences about the production of "The Phantom President." Everyone sat down at a big table, and a heavy silence fell over the room. Executives and director and everyone else expected George M. to tell his ideas about how the story was made. But he didn't act conscious of the fact. Finally, someone suggested that he tell them just what he wanted done. He said, "Listen! I came here to learn, not to tell!"

He's the first man from Broadway who hasn't shown the least desire to tell Hollywood how pictures should be made. And he knows more about the show business—from the producing angle, the acting angle, and the writing angle—than any other man on Broadway!

The girl who Wins her BEAUTY CONTEST

is the girl with a Lovely Skin

For women, life is a daily Beauty Contest that never ends. You must constantly appear at your best, face the world with a fresh, immaculate skin. Start today to use gentle Camay—the Soap of Beautiful Women!



"It started out as a restful cruise, but it turned out to be a Beauty Contest. As she played deck tennis, dined, or danced, this girl won. For her skin was lovely!"



Camay's rich creamy lather, a soft cloth and warm water is the way to a clean, fresh skin. Rinse well with cold water. A simple, inexpensive beauty treatment.



This is delicate Camay. Its creamy-whiteness greets your eye from its new green and yellow wrapper. Camay is now sealed in Cellophane.

A LOVELY skin is priceless. A joy to you and a delight to others. Yet the most exquisite skin is quick to show neglect. And only by insuring pore-deep cleanliness can you keep your skin in fresh, well-toned condition.

The first step in the care of your precious skin is the daily use of Camay, the Soap of Beautiful Women. Camay is the safest skin soap in the world... gentle, mild, creamy-white. Free from coloring matter and free from drying "chalkiness." Do get a dozen cakes of Camay today!

CAMAY

Copy. 1932, Procter & Gamble Co.

THE SOAP OF BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

*"Does she think
she can get away with that?"*



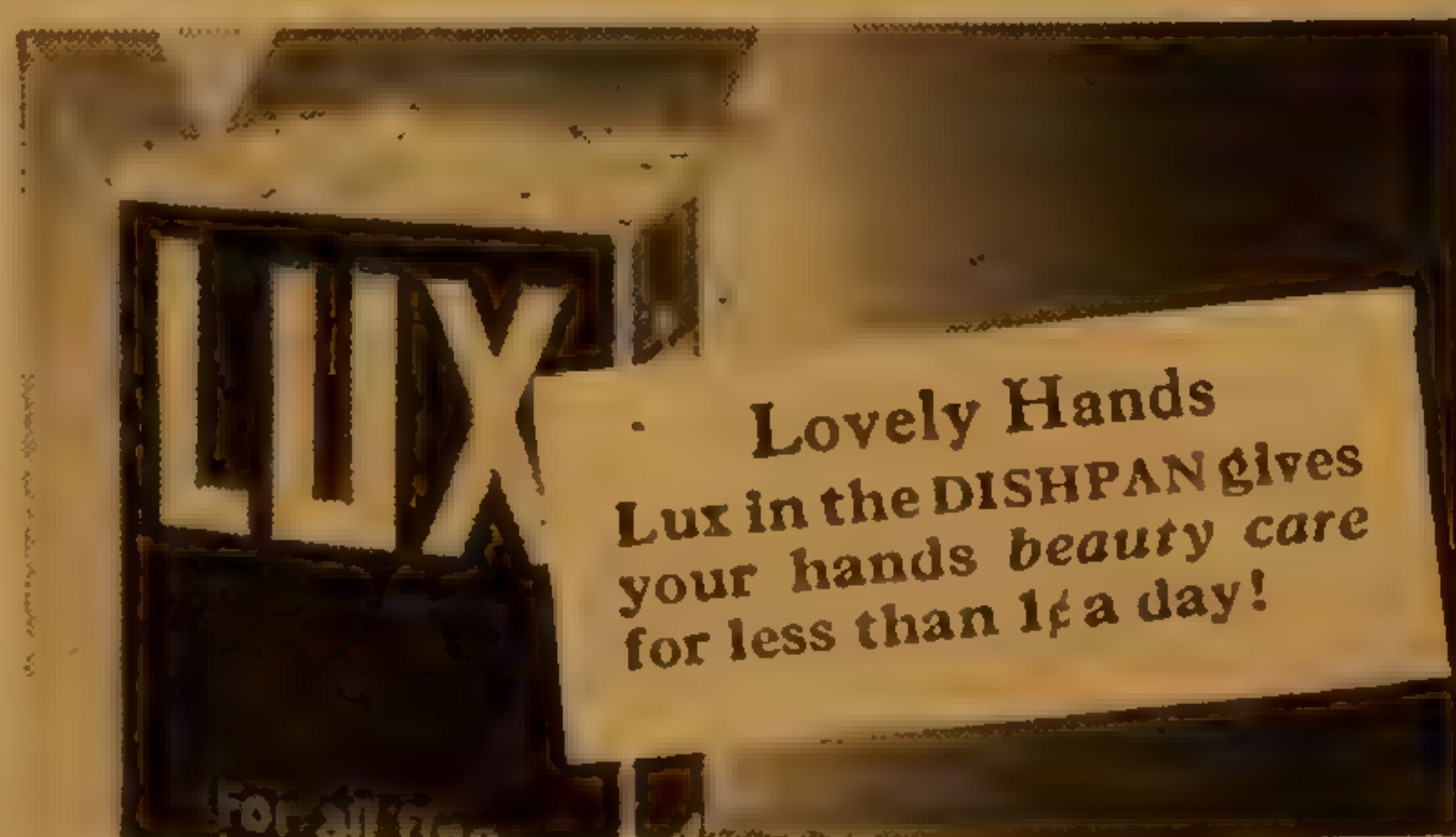
*"How can she wear underthings a second day?
You wouldn't think any nice girl would take
such a chance! Everybody perspires at least a
little, and perspiration odor clings so . . . others
notice it before you do yourself—"*

Underthings
absorb perspiration..Avoid
offending—*Protect daintiness this way*

IT IS such an unforgivable offense!
We hate to think we *could* be
guilty. Yet we may offend without
even realizing it

Don't take chances! There is one
sure, delightful way to *know* you're
fresh and sweet. Lux removes every
trace of perspiration acids and odors,
yet its gentle suds save colors and
fabrics, too. Protect your daintiness
. . . Lux lingerie and stockings after

*each wearing. This fastidious habit
takes only 4 minutes, or less!*



LUX for underthings—saves fabrics

The Girl That Hollywood Can't Figure Out

(Continued from page 15)

personalities. Never on scandal, however.

Anita Page, herself, will honestly tell you that she believes her career has suffered from the brand of "good girl." She doesn't drink. She doesn't smoke. She doesn't attend unrestrained parties. She resents the halo that Hollywood has placed on her head—and the reputation for a certain flaccidity of temperament that the title has earned her. Stories have been written that the only three men in Hollywood with whom she is permitted to go unchaperoned are William Haines, Russell Gleason, Jr., and Ramon Novarro. The implication has caused serious concern to her father, who denies that she has had other than the guardianship and guidance any parents give to an only daughter.

Denies She Has Been "Held Down"

WHEN Anita came to Hollywood, she was only seventeen years old," he explains. "She was a child—we gave her the same care, the same attention that other parents concerned with the spiritual, mental and physical welfare of an only daughter would give her. No one could possibly blame us for that. But when the talk that I was hindering her career became insistent—I went back East. I thought that now people wouldn't say that Anita doesn't do any thinking for herself, that she is a girl without a mind."

And Anita, her blue eyes dark with anger, interposes: "It isn't as if Dad hadn't made definite sacrifices for me. He is an electrical engineer—he had a thriving business back home. And he gave that up for me and my career. When he left Hollywood, it was the first time in more than twenty years of marriage that Mother and he were separated. He remained away for six months—and it was at my pleading that he returned. I needed him."

And she continues: "My mother has been so careful not to be known as a studio-mother that she has refused to meet my directors. Harry Beaumont and Sam Wood are the only two she has ever met—and then through sheer accident.

"Why, Dad and Mother can't even be at the same theatre where I am without its being announced in gossip columns that 'Anita Page, beamed by Mr. X, was, as usual, chaperoned by her parents.' When Prince Ferdinand of Germany, visiting in Hollywood, asked to take me to an opening, for which Dad had tickets, he and Mother refused to go for fear of just such comments. It isn't fair to them or to me."

More Ambitious Than Ever

ANITA Page is ambitious—even though her keen desire to get to the top is a new side to her character. When the talkies came, she shrugged away the casual suggestions that she study voice or dramatic art intensively. She did not go in for a drastic routine of self-training, as so many old-timers did. Her evident, youthful unconcern gave rise to the most fantastic speculation.

Was Anita Page really the child of the Pomares? Could it be that she was a great heiress—a princess even—presented with a place in the movies because of her high estate? That supposition is pointed by the fact that she is exceedingly fair—while her father, of Spanish extraction, holds true to type. But her face formation is exactly like her mother's—and, what is more, she is a younger edition of her father's sister. It is only that Anita Page is that rare Spanish type—a very fair blonde.

But Hollywood, intent on a mystery, is given little to dealing with fact—such as heredity and racial strains.

Anita Page has had no overpowering love affairs—those emotional tempests which are considered essential to being a sensation in Hollywood.

And she will answer that by saying: "I don't see why I should delude myself into a cheap love affair because it's supposed to be good for me. I don't agree. When I fall in love, it must be with a man I respect—with a man whom I can marry, and whose children I want to bear."

So she refuses to subsidize love for the doubtful benefits to her art.

There are numerous incidents which are as puzzling to Anita Page, herself, as to those in the know in Hollywood. The periodical executive orders to the studio press department to build up a publicity campaign for Anita Page only add to the general bewilderment.

When a lead for "Red-Headed Woman" was being sought, *more than two hundred tests were made of her.* And even while executives and directors were startled by her brilliance—even while they were amazed by her evident fitness for the rôle—it was eventually given to Jean Harlow. It was a rôle, it was agreed, that would automatically make her a star.

Anita "Plays Fair"—And Loses

THOSE who are wise in the way of studios declare that the greatest drawback to Anita's ambition is that she is not a born fighter. She won't fight over the wardrobe assigned to her in pictures. If a hat, or a dress or a coat is not becoming—she will be docile in her acceptance. Other players tear and rant and cry and plead until adjustments are made to their satisfaction.

They'll fight for rôles and get them—Anita Page will wait for assignments—and like a good trouser, go through with them. But *her rôles* with a few exceptions, have been so small that they have not stood out. Her hurt and disgust show in her work. But she is silent. It may be a lack of temperament. But it is probably due to her hope that eventually the studio will reward her sportsmanship with a worthwhile rôle. Something that will stack up with her *Queenie*, which she did so well in "Broadway Melody."

Not that she hasn't pleaded with executives to give her a chance. She has argued that in small parts she isn't worth the money Metro is paying her. But the reply to that has been: "Now just be patient. Leave everything to us." Which becomes a program of contradiction. On the one hand, it is "publicity for Page;" on the other, there is the self-evident fact of unimportant and inconsequential rôles.

Recently, the studio took up her option—and with its increased salary, it put her in star money. It was an added stimulant to Hollywood's curiosity about this girl who has been given not only minor rôles, but minor billing.

In "Night Court," she had a larger rôle than for some time—her biggest part, in fact, since "War Nurse," which she stole from June Walker, who had the title rôle. Her parts in "Are You Listening?" and "Prosperity" hardly gave her a chance. *Why?*

It is likely that some day some executive or director will find the key to her abilities now permitted to remain dormant. It is known that several of them would like to try (that was proved by her tests for "Red-Headed Woman")—and have definite ideas about the sort of rôles in which she'd acquit herself superbly.

But in the meanwhile, she continues to be the girl whose career to date—and whose personality—are Hollywood's favorite puzzle.

Treat SUNBURN as a BURN!



Get Quick Relief from Pain!

Sunburn is not to be trifled with. It's a BURN—like any other burn. Cosmetic lotions and creams are not enough—treat sunburn with the *burn* remedy used by 8 out of 10 hospitals . . . *Unguentine!*

It stops pain—soothes and heals—prevents infection. Treat *all* sunburn with Unguentine—take no chances of needless agony. Heal *quickly*—tan *beautifully!* Only 50c. at druggists.

Unguentine



goes as deep as the burn!



Enjoy the Benefits of Olive Oil and Complete Color Harmony in Your Make-up with the New

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"Anniversary Combination"



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One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL LIPSTICK
One 35c OUTDOOR GIRL Dry Rouge
with every \$1.00 box of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil or Lightex Face Powder

• Go to your favorite toilet goods counter today. Buy a box of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil or Lightex Face Powder at its regular price of \$1.00. With it you will receive a 35c OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Lipstick and a 35c package of OUTDOOR GIRL Olive Oil Rouge—FREE! All 3 articles are encased in a striking "Anniversary Combination" Gift Package... Choose from 7 smart tints, the shade of powder you like best. The accompanying rouge and lipstick will be in correct harmonizing colors.

• If you are one of the millions of users of OUTDOOR GIRL Face Powder, you do not have to be told how marvelously beneficial its Olive Oil base is to your skin... Now you may have the same wonderful advantages

in your Rouge and Lipstick. What is more, you may try these two new OUTDOOR GIRL products at our expense. The "Anniversary Combination" brings you both articles in your favorite shades, without additional cost!

• This Free Offer is strictly limited! After it is withdrawn you will have to pay \$1.70 for the same 3 products you can buy today for \$1.00... So act promptly! If your regular drug or department store cannot supply you, mail the coupon.

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Please send me postpaid one "Anniversary Combination." Upon receipt, I will pay the postman \$1.00. I am checking the powder shade I like best
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Name _____
(Print Plainly)
Address _____
City _____ State _____

SEND NO MONEY!—TAX FREE!
PAY THE POSTMAN!

Herbert Marshall Is Just the Opposite of Gable

(Continued from page 44)

He takes a modest enough view of his wife's disappearance from Hollywood just as the portals of film fame were opening to her, refusing to be the romantic figure of the "man she couldn't live without" (as the Hollywood gossip stories put it).

"My wife's cancellation of her contract was quite as much a surprise to me as it was to the rest of the country," he smiled. "I remember I was visiting friends on Long Island when I received her long-distance call, telling me she was returning to New York. No, I didn't protest her decision. In the short talk we had, I realized she was unhappy about her rôle. In fact, I am much more inclined to lay her departure to professional, rather than personal reasons. If the part had been more to her liking, I am sure Edna Best could have been contented in Hollywood for the short duration of a picture.

And He Says He's Lucky

"OF course, perhaps I am getting an unusually pleasant view of the movie situation. I'm very happy in my rôle in the 'Blonde Venus.' Miss Dietrich is charming. I sincerely believe that Mr. von Sternberg and Ernst Lubitsch, with whom I will make my second picture out here, are without superiors as directors. And I am fortunate enough to have my wife with me in Hollywood!" He smiled and asked questioningly: "More than my share of good luck?"

You can't doubt that he means it when he refers to himself as an extremely fortunate man. He later told me that it was only in the beginning, right after the war, that he was bitter about that tragic leg injury that will cause him to walk with a decided limp for the rest of his life!

"You see," he explained slowly, harking back to those dark days when he thought his career was over before it had actually got under way, "acting was the only thing that had ever held my attention. My father was an actor, but he had not trained me to follow in his footsteps. When I was graduated from St. Mary's College in Harlow, England, I was 'placed' as a clerk in a firm of chartered accountants in London. After one year of that, I was fired through sheer incompetence. I wanted to go on the stage and nothing else would satisfy me."

His first stage appearance was in the rôle of the servant in "The Adventure of Lady Ursula," which was presented at the opera house in Buxton, England. For the next two years he played a succession of small parts in other productions. Encouraged by his showing in these plays, he went to London and won the rôle of Tommy in "Brewster's Millions" at the Prince's Theatre. The play enjoyed a tremendous success and was followed by a tour of Canada and the United States with Cyril Maude, of "Grumpy" fame.

Overcame His Great Handicap

CLOUDS of war were then forming over Europe, and upon his return from the American road tour, Marshall entered the British military service. For almost three years he marched and fought his way over the fields of battle-torn France. It is ironical that it was just a few months before the Armistice that he received the leg wound that partially crippled him for life!

"Those first few months after the War—they were the darkest, the most bitter of my life. I thought I was permanently handicapped in my profession. There are not many rôles written for lame men. . . ."

He paused to light a cigarette. It is not difficult to understand why Herbert Mar-

shall does not like to look back at those tragic days after the War.

"I was mentally at the point of a breakdown when I suddenly snapped myself out of it. If I wanted to be an actor, I was going to be one, in spite of *anything*. It was going to mean harder work, and perhaps humiliations in persuading skeptical managers that I might be able to make audiences forget my lameness—but I made up my mind I was going to try for that end."

Just how well he succeeded is testified by the variety of rôles he played on the London stage in "Make Believe," "The Younger Generation," "Abraham Lincoln," "The Merchant of Venice," "As You Like It," "Brown Sugar" and "A Safety Match." He made another tour to Canada and America with Marie Lohr in "The Voice from the Minaret."

Has Been in Talkies Before

IN 1925 he invaded New York with Geoffrey Allen in "These Charming People." However, he made two more trips back to the London stage (it was at this time that he played with Tallulah Bankhead) before he finally settled his professional activities in New York.

Occasionally, he had played an engagement of a silent picture between stage productions in London. But his appearance with Jeanne Eagels in "The Letter" was his first adventure in talking pictures. Though the film was a tremendous artistic success, it was a year or two later before Marshall was offered another talking screen rôle in "Secrets of a Secretary," made in the East, with Claudette Colbert. In the meantime he did the Broadway show, "Tomorrow and Tomorrow," which was what kept him from accompanying his wife to Hollywood.

Four years ago this November, he married Edna Best in a little New Jersey town. He is tremendously happy with the little English actress and would be delighted if she wanted to take up her American screen career where she left off (by running away from her scheduled rôle in "West of Broadway.") Together, they have made several talking pictures in England, the latest of which, "Bachelor's Folly," has just been released in America.

"Edna and I were both playing in 'There is Always Juliet' when I received this flattering offer from Paramount. When we were informed that the studio was going to close the show because my contract called for the run of the play, Edna and I received a hearty laugh when she received six weeks' compensation salary. It seems that the movies are determined to pay her a salary whether or not she ever appears before the camera in Hollywood."

Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 20)

free of his "nervous breakdowns"? So far as we are concerned, he can "break down" every day, if we can have some more of the same kind of work he did in "Blessed Event."

WILLIAM POWELL and Carole Lombard have rented the home of Lita Grey Chaplin in Beverly Hills. Marilyn Miller, recently very ill, was the former tenant of this elaborate home.

IN spite of the fact that no star ever received such an enthusiastic reception from a Hollywood audience, there was something a little sad about the stage appearance of Charles Ray in "The House Beautiful."

(Continued on page 77)

\$1 does the work of \$3 in over 50 antiseptic uses

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Regardless of size—25c, 50c or \$1—you get 3 times as much for your money—save \$2 for every \$1 you spend

OUT of every \$3 you spend for ordinary antiseptics you might as well save \$2. It's a simple problem of arithmetic. Pepsodent Antiseptic is three times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics—by adding water it goes three times as far—gives you three times as much for your money—and gives you extra protection against sore throat colds and unpleasant breath, and against the many types of germ infection that daily threaten health.

Here's the great difference between old-fashioned mouth washes and Pepsodent Antiseptic. Most old-fashioned mouth antiseptics must be used full strength to be effective—but three people out of four add water before using. So the new discovery, Pepsodent Antiseptic, was made powerful enough to be diluted and still be effective. Yet it is completely safe to tissue when used full strength.

It's costly enough to use an antiseptic that should be used full strength. But it's a lot more costly to dilute that antiseptic and fail to kill the germs. That's why we warn you to choose Pepsodent antiseptic—it can be mixed with water and still kill germs.

The most economical way to buy Pepsodent Antiseptic is in the largest size—the 16-ounce size. It contains over 5 times the amount in the 25c size and costs but \$1. That equals a 25c bottle free. And the Pepsodent dollar bottle contains 2 ounces more than the dollar size of some leading mouth antiseptics.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

In 3 sizes—25c—50c—\$1

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HEAD COLD

BAD BREATH

THROAT IRRITATION

BODY ODOR

IMPURE BREATH (Halitosis)

The amazing results of Pepsodent Antiseptic in fighting sore throat colds prove its effectiveness in checking Bad Breath (Halitosis). Remember Pepsodent is over 3 times more powerful in killing germs than other leading mouth antiseptics. Remember, even when diluted with water it kills germs.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Cold in Head	After Shaving
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Cold Sores	Checks Under-Arm
Canker Sores	Perspiration
Mouth Irritations	Tired, Aching
After Extractions	Feet



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SEE WRINKLES, LINES GO

LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER

Use SEM-PRAY COMPRESSED CREME tonight at bed-time. See wrinkles, age-lines, crow'sfeet and "crepey" appearance of neck begin to smooth out by tomorrow morning.

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New Favorites Fight to Dethrone Garbo and Gaynor

(Continued from page 17)

to keep her place in motion picture history by abdicating rather than risk being deposed?

The candidates for queenship at M-G-M are two, evenly matched. Both Norma Shearer and Joan Crawford are young, beautiful in the modern manner, and both are very ambitious. They have worked untiringly to get ahead in their profession. Norma has powerful influences at court. Yet, somehow, Joan Crawford seems the likely successor to Garbo's throne. Norma Shearer's ambition is that of the head; Joan's is of the heart. She is passionately determined to succeed, even if to do so kills her or costs her everything else she has held dear in life; already the rumor of her accession is abroad. At Metro the talk of Garbo has been supplanted by feverish huzzas for Joan. "The Queen bane going home now—long live the Queen." That sort of thing.

Yet if Norma in "Strange Interlude" matches Joan in "Rain," who can tell what the outcome will be? The M-G-M throne is vacant for the moment. Which reminds us of the puzzle of Anita Page. It is whispered among those close to politics that this blonde beauty, beloved by the younger subjects of moviedom, has long made the reigning favorites of the lot uneasy and that they have seen to it that she has been kept down to safely unimportant rôles. And another youngster who is even more to be feared is Jean Harlow, who is being pushed ahead at skyrocket speed since her dazzling hit in "Red-Headed Woman." Also, Jean's new husband, Paul Bern, is an important M-G-M executive.

If Marlene Should Abdicate

QUEEN MARLENE is another ruler who recently threatened to abdicate, taking her court favorite, Josef von Sternberg, with her. For two years the Dietrich throne has been safe from challenge. Once the court favorite transferred his professional allegiance to the establishment of a contender, Sylvia Sidney, but "An American Tragedy" did not make a new queen.

Marlene Dietrich's throne is in danger for several reasons—the chief of which seems to be her own distaste of American ways and living: such quaint customs as kidnaping threats, for example. Then, too, many a queen has lost her throne from too great a submission to court favorites! The third reason is Tallulah Bankhead, who has never before bowed to any rival. The unchallenged queen of the London stage, and high-handed ruler of Broadway is not likely to be patient in second place on a studio lot. The very fact that she has triumphantly survived so many second-rate pictures, and the fact that she has had the will and courage to go on making pictures after her first discouraging efforts prove that her personality is one that does not admit defeat.

At present, there is no other near rival for Marlene's crown. Carole Lombard has not yet succeeded in her fight for studio advancement, a fight which no doubt was responsible for her recent breakdown. Sari Maritza, heralded as "another" Dietrich, proves to be too immature and uncertain as yet to be dangerous. If, as seems probable, Marlene calmly tosses her crown into the nearest Paramount ash can and saunters back to Germany one of these days, it will undoubtedly be "Queen Tallulah"—and it might even come to pass earlier. But Sylvia Sidney is in there fighting—as is proved by her winning the much-coveted title rôle of "Madame Butterfly."

A Battle Between Connie and Ann

ON the Radio lot, Bebe Daniels was once Queen. When she left, her dressing-room became the sign and symbol of queen-dom on that lot. It was the only private suite of rooms intended for a gorgeous star. At Pathé, Ann Harding and Constance Bennett had shared adjoining dressing-rooms and equal honors. Neither girl had shown a sense of superiority by being patronizingly affable to the other; they seldom spoke. The issue of which was the real ruler of the lot was still in doubt, though Connie assumed the attitude of studio queen, according to rumor, by her autocratic ways.

When both stars were transferred to the Radio lot, by the merging of the two companies, it was a breathless question which would get the "star" bungalow. Ann Harding said at once, "Why, if Connie wants it, let her have it!" But the studio powers decided differently, and Ann Harding took possession of the bungalow. Affably enough, Connie accepted quarters in the scenario writers' building and had a kitchenette installed, from whence at noontime savory onion odors were wafted. But Connie made it known that she must have a bungalow dressing-room of her own, and at the moment one is being built for her!

If salary and sensational popularity determine queendom, undoubtedly it is "Queen Connie" at Radio. At a time when Ann was staying at home, raising a baby and adoring her husband, Connie had been marrying multi-millionaires and Marquises and doing other glamorous things. The public clamored to read about her. It is the public, after all, and not the movie powers, that crown them queens. Recently, Queen Connie decided that her subjects might not remain faithful if this publicity about her temperament went on. Now, all is sweetness on the Radio lot. Connie graciously gives interviews, graciously sits for pictures. But you may be sure that Connie is keenly watching Gwili Andre, the dazzling Danish beauty who is being groomed for stardom, beginning with "Roar of the Dragon." And the presence of Dolores Del Rio makes her none too comfortable.

Janet Has Several to Fear

JANET GAYNOR has been queen of the Fox lot so long that it seemed that no newcomer would ever aspire to her throne. "I am going to be great," they quote her as saying on the night when "Seventh Heaven" was first shown to the public. "I know that now!" That night was coronation night for Janet. Never for a moment has her supremacy on the Fox lot been threatened since—until recently.

It was not threatened even when Fox imported a real, honest-to-goodness descendant of royalty, Elissa Landi, to be a star on the same lot. Yet war now rages at Movietone City over the throne of Queen Janet. The aspirants are several. Possibly Janet, herself, fears Sally Eilers most. Sally, however, recognizes Marian Nixon as a serious rival for the succession. And Joan Bennett is another to be heard from. Then, to complicate the uneasiness of Janet's crown-wearing head, from afar she can hear the trumpets and cymbals welcoming Clara Bow back to the screen—Clara, who ruled the Paramount lot for many years with a toss of her flaming head.

If there was ever a possibility of divorce in the Peck-Gaynor household, we venture

to prophesy that there will not be one now. For Janet is not going to risk losing her crown. It would seem that she had cast about her for precedent and discovered that most movie queens were temperamental. All right, then—she would show that she had a temperament, too! She began by copying Garbo's policies of "No interviews, no quotations." She then began to balk at sitting for fashion pictures. The studio, which had always found her the soul of friendliness and cooperation, began to discover to its shocked dismay that she could be fractious, too.

There was one picture plum to be given out on the lot, "The First Year"—that gay and charming comedy of newlyweds, which has been a hit so long that it belongs to public legend. Janet wanted it, but for a moment—it must have been an awful moment to Queen Janet—it seemed that it might go to Sally Eilers, fresh from her undoubted hits in "Bad Girl" and "Dance Team." It was a close call for Janet's crown, but she exerted her rights as ruler of the lot and got the picture, and Sally fled to New York because her heart was almost broken at losing it. Perhaps Sally also sensed that with it she lost the chance, at present at least, of being queen of a lot.

Sally, herself, has her troubles. Marian Nixon is playing opposite James Dunn for "Walking Down Broadway," in the rôle originally scheduled for herself. Sally was crazy about Jimmy as an actor. Indeed, her generous and impulsive praise of his talent at home was the cause—they say—of the recent "love spat" between Sally and hubby Hoot Gibson. Now Marian Nixon is being co-starred with Jimmy Dunn. Sally and Marian have been close friends for years, but they aren't speaking to-day.

Ruth's Dangerous Young Rival

WARNER BROTHERS-First National have announced Ruth Chatterton as their queen. Ruth occupies the royal bungalow, wields the royal perquisites of life and death over scenario, director and leading man. And yet—it is not Barbara Stanwyck whom Queen Ruth has had to fear (though Barbara is her closest rival for the rule of the lot), but an upstart youngster called Ann Dvorak. In this girl, the trained eye of Chatterton is probably able to discern the fire and emotional power of an authentic dramatic star. And Ann Dvorak, still in her teens, has youth in her favor—laughing, eager, undaunted youth. But she has just staged a startling and unexpected walk-out for more salary (she was getting \$250 a week)—and there is no telling what effect this will have on her future.

Universal has had its queens—Priscilla Dean, Mary Philbin, Genevieve Tobin, but at the moment its throne is vacant, though they say that Carl Laemmle, Jr., prime minister of its destinies, is grooming exotic Tala Birell for the crown. There is a lovely unknown who might get crowned first—if Gloria Stuart gets the right rôle.

And so the battles rage. Much is at stake—wealth such as few of the queens of Europe have dreamed of holding in their own hands, fame such as no queen has ever known, power that any queen would be glad to wield. It is a bloodless battle with rival claimants to the throne attending each other's premières, calling each other "dear," smiling sweetly with beautiful painted lips their congratulations at each other's success. Instead of blood—tears! Instead of bullets—rôles! Instead of victories—contracts! Movie thrones may be lost for such a small thing—a single scene, an added pound, an unbecoming hairdress, a breath of gossip. Movie thrones may be won just as easily by a winning smile, a visit to the beauty parlor, a quaint mannerism or a dinner with a producer! The Battle of the Beauties is on—let the best blonde win!



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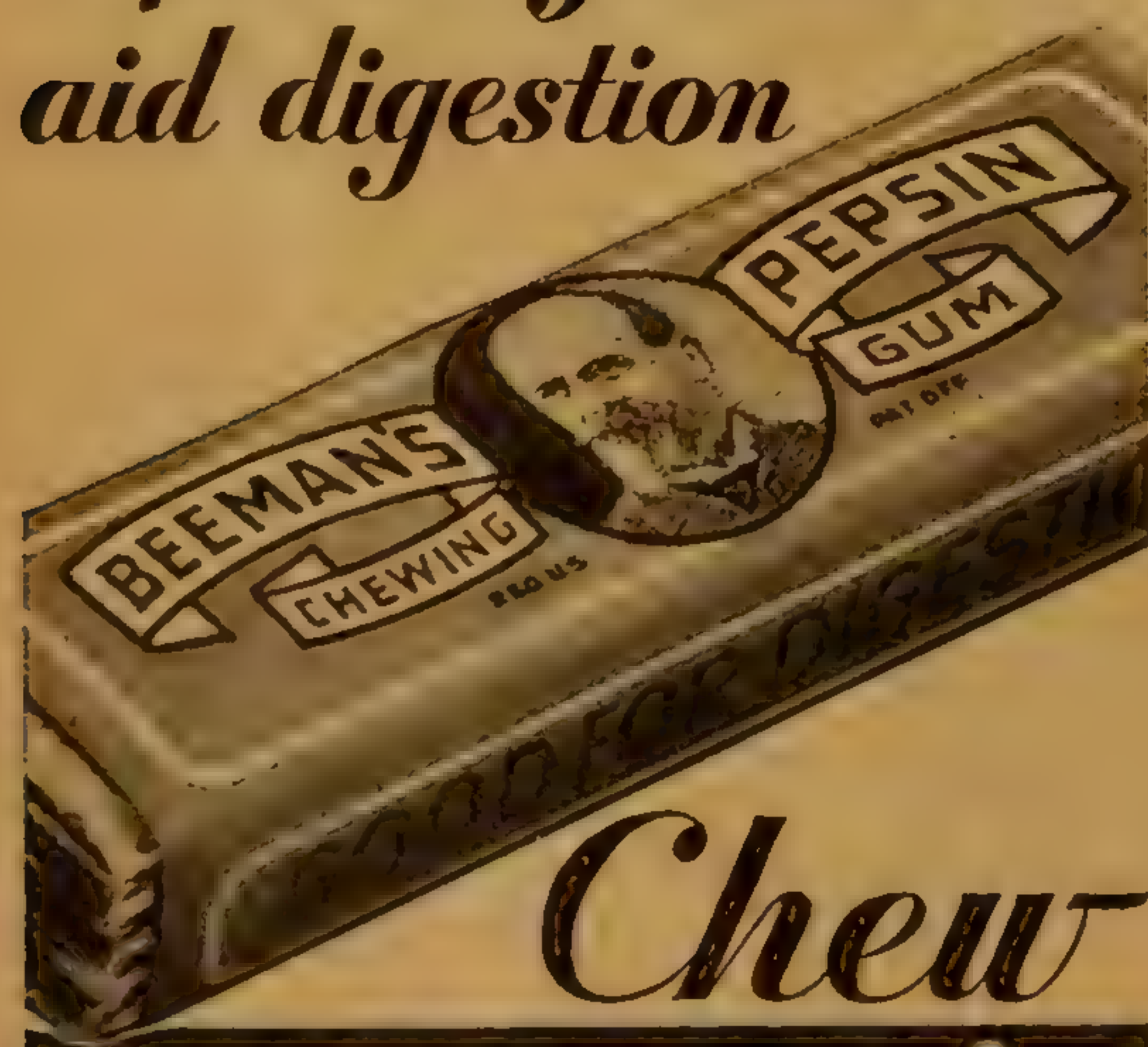


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Is Hollywood Doomed? Asks De Mille

(Continued from page 43)

in store for the heedless, reckless world of to-day—unless it saves itself in time.

"And do not say America only," adds De Mille. "I have just returned from a trip abroad. Everywhere it is the same. The lust for power and conquest has spent itself as Rome's did and after the orgy of blood came the orgies of pleasure. The whole world has been on a spree for the last dozen years, and has forgotten what happened to ancient Rome.

"Rome's overthrow came almost overnight by fire, revolution, and death to those who were to blame for the oppression and degradation the common people had suffered. It came without warning and left Nero whimpering out his life in a refuse heap, with a wilting wreath from his last 'wild party' around his head. One moment it seemed nothing could touch those in power—and the next, *destruction!*

The Unholy Rulers of To-Day

"THERE are Neros sitting in the seats of power now all over the world—not conquerors by the sword perhaps, but by something just as powerful: money. These money lords are fiddling while civilization burns. To get more money, the Roman Emperors taxed the citizens remorselessly. The common people of the world to-day are crushed with taxes. In America we are beginning to feel the weight of them.

"I said to one European I met, 'How does it happen that everyone looks so cheerful here? In New York the crowds were sullen and long-faced.'

"Oh," said he, 'we have been oppressed for so many centuries that we are used to it. You are just beginning to feel the first touch of hardship!'

"Rome was founded on the same principles as America—the unselfish ideals of liberty and democracy and humanity. For many years it practised these ideals, just as for many years America has practised them. Then its leaders grew ambitious for power. The law-makers ceased to work for the whole people and catered only to the influential. Can anyone deny my parallel here? We have not crowned our money-Caesars, but the bankers and brokers are our unseen rulers.

"Without ideals, the nobles of Rome turned to pleasure. And it is strange how few new pleasures we have invented since their time! They gave lavish parties at their villas, as the idle rich give lavish parties in their penthouses to-day. They ate and drank almost the same dishes and drinks we have to-day. Though they didn't have the cocktail. (Think what honors Nero would have heaped on a slave who could have shaken him a cocktail!) They spent money extravagantly to surround themselves with luxurious homes—but our Hollywood swimming pools are as gorgeous as Roman baths. Our modernistic interiors resemble the decorations and furnishings of the villas of Roman nobles. The evening gowns of our women are strikingly similar to those worn by the favorites of Nero's Court.

Outdoing the Old Romans

"SEX occupied the thoughts and imaginations of Roman rulers. Instead of merely watching the movements of half-naked dancers, as Nero and his friends did, modern men and women dance almost the same dances together. Change the costumes and language of any lavish party of modern young people slightly, and you would have a Roman orgy in Nero's Golden House.

"The Romans forgot the worship of their old gods. And which do we think of most

to-day—*God* or *money*? They even had their gangsters! When Nero and his friends tired of other pleasures, they dressed themselves in the garb of common soldiers and went abroad up and down the city, holding up private citizens and taking their purses, attacking girls after they had knocked out their escorts, even committing murder.

"The valuable things in life were cheap in the times of Nero—and they are as cheap to-day. *Beauty*, for instance. I can hire all the beauty I want for pictures in Hollywood at five dollars a day. *Virtue*—don't be shocked! Just read the hospital records of unwed mothers in their teens! *Life*—look at the Lindbergh case, and the wanton murders by gangland, the bombings. Yes, and suicides. Read police reports of automobile deaths—if you don't think life is as cheap today!

"Nero's martyrdom of Christians wasn't planned, but his subjects were angry with him for burning down their city and he needed someone to lay the blame on—what we call a 'goat.' Listen to any political speech about the Depression—see how one party hands the blame to the other! And tosses party leaders to the lions.

"Hollywood Filled with Neros"

"OUR Hollywood is filled with Neros—men in power who think only of self and not of their fellows; and Poppaeas—voluptuous women who rely on their beauty to get them their hearts' desire. The most voluptuous-looking woman in Hollywood," adds De Mille, "is Greta Garbo. She has the true voluptuousness—not of body, but of mind."

Some of the principals in the cast are Fredric March (who will play *Marcus Superbus, Prefect of Rome* in the early part of the picture), Claudette Colbert (*Poppaea*), Elissa Landi (*Mercia*), Charles Laughton, an English newcomer who is built somewhat along the Jannings lines (*Nero*), Ian Keith (*Tigellinus*), and Tommy Conlon (*Stephanus, the boy*).

This first great spectacle in sound is a heartening thing for Hollywood. It brings back echoes of the good old days of "The Ten Commandments," "The King of Kings," and "Ben-Hur," with its five thousand "extras" in brassy armor, its mammoth settings and grand-scale orgies, acre-wide rooms and sunken marble baths. (It was De Mille, you remember, who made baths famous on the screen. "*Poppaea* will bathe in asses' milk, not water," says C. B., loving the sound of the words.)

Whether or not "The Sign of the Cross" will do more for the world than give temporary work to several thousand jobless "extras" and passing pleasure to many millions is a question. Talking to Cecil B. De Mille, listening to his hypnotic voice and beautiful enunciation, watching one of the best actors in Hollywood (De Mille should have been on the screen) emphasize his words, and seeing the flame of the zealot in his very blue eyes, one finds it easy to heed what he says. It is impossible not to listen as he prophesies an end to the present world as we know it, with its Very Rich and its teeming and taxed Poor, its reckless extravagance and irreligion and loss of ideals. One is almost inclined to share his belief that the movies need to warn the world.

But when one comes out of the De Mille presence, into the outer office with signed photographs of movie stars on the wall and obsequious groups waiting to see the director-producer, the effect of the De Mille magnetism is shaken. Have we been listening to a prophet crying in the wilderness of Hollywood, or to an actor playing the part of a prophet?

Will Hollywood Change Paul Muni, or Will He Change Hollywood?

(Continued from page 52)

Americans" was molded into film six or eight times, Muni was not in any of the pictures. The same thing happened when, in the following season, he again staggered the critics with his supremely vital portrayal in "Four Walls." As a picture it was one of the first gangster thrillers. And it was enacted by the rough, tough feller, John Gilbert!

But when Hollywood does come to life, there are no half-measures! And when the old master, Winfield Sheehan, signed Muni to a movie contract, a brand-new star was born overnight. He was no longer Muni Weisenfreund—or even Wisenfreund. He was Paul Muni, a name derived from his own and his father's monickers. And one that has demonstrated its lure when electrically emblazoned on the marquees of movie palaces.

Everything looked rosy. But just then a terrible thing happened! Someone in Hollywood read a book, or something, and learned that the star was a genius at make-up, and that he had played old-man parts at eleven, and hundreds of different characters in the eighteen years following his debut. So they hurried through "The Valiant," which was "pepped up" with everything but a hoss-race, and shot Muni into "Seven Faces," and made this mighty artist a sort of cinematic one-man-band.

He was, to be exact, (1) *Svengali*, (2) *Napoleon*, (3) *Schubert*, (4) *Joe Gans*, (5) *Don Juan*, (6) *a Cockney*, (7) *Papa Chipon*! Practically everyone except William Fox. That was surely going some, you'll admit! In one and the same picture, Muni played a hypnotist, a warrior, a musician, a pugilist, a lover, a mugg and an old man. Hollywood, you see, took a fling at art, or what it thought was art. Muni passed this terrific test with high honors. But the picture did not.

So it happened that we had to wait for "Scarface" for a real good glimpse of the young man for whom the astute Otto Kahn had prophesied such glories. In "Scarface," the forecast of Oracle Otto came true. In "I Am a Fugitive from a Georgia Chain Gang," a title which must be shortened unless they run it up and down the sides of theatres, he eclipses even the most brilliant of the portrayals that have gone before.

Likes to Play He's "Unknown"

WHERE many actors cling to past performances, Muni forgets them, himself, and wishes them forgotten by the movie-going world. He's currently trying to forget *Scarface*, a rôle he liked "even though the censors wouldn't let him be human." He'd be willing to start anew with each picture—to begin all over again, an unknown. He practically promises the fans that he'll give them something better in each succeeding film. He tries his level best to do so. And he succeeds.

Among other things he fears "being typed"—drifting into that Sargossa Sea of Hollywood where a man stagnates as a type, and is doomed forever to be the same character over and over again.

"I don't care what rôle I play," says Paul, "just so it's different from the last one. I'm through with tough guys for a while, and old men, too. And my next rôle won't be that of a chain-gang unfortunate, either."

"I've played quite a few parts in pictures, and quite a few hundred in the theatre. But I haven't begun to portray the characters that are painted in the gallery of humanity. There are millions of men. Each is an interesting study. Each has his story,

AUNT FLO TO THE RESCUE — by ALBERT DORNE



IT'S A SHAME A PRETTY GIRL LIKE MY NIECE HASN'T MORE PARTNERS BUT I THINK I KNOW THE REASON



NEXT EVENING

OH, I DON'T KNOW. THEY DON'T SEEM TO CARE ABOUT COMING

WHY DON'T YOU ASK SOME OF THE GIRLS OVER



SOMETIMES I'M SO LONELY. AUNT FLO. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO

DEAR, I'M GOING TO TALK TO YOU FRANKLY AND YOU MUST NOT FEEL HURT



NEXT MORNING

IT'S MARVELOUS! SO MUCH LATHER AND I FEEL SO WONDERFULLY FRESH AND CLEAN

WELL, HOW DO YOU LIKE MY FAVORITE TOILET SOAP — LIFEBOUY



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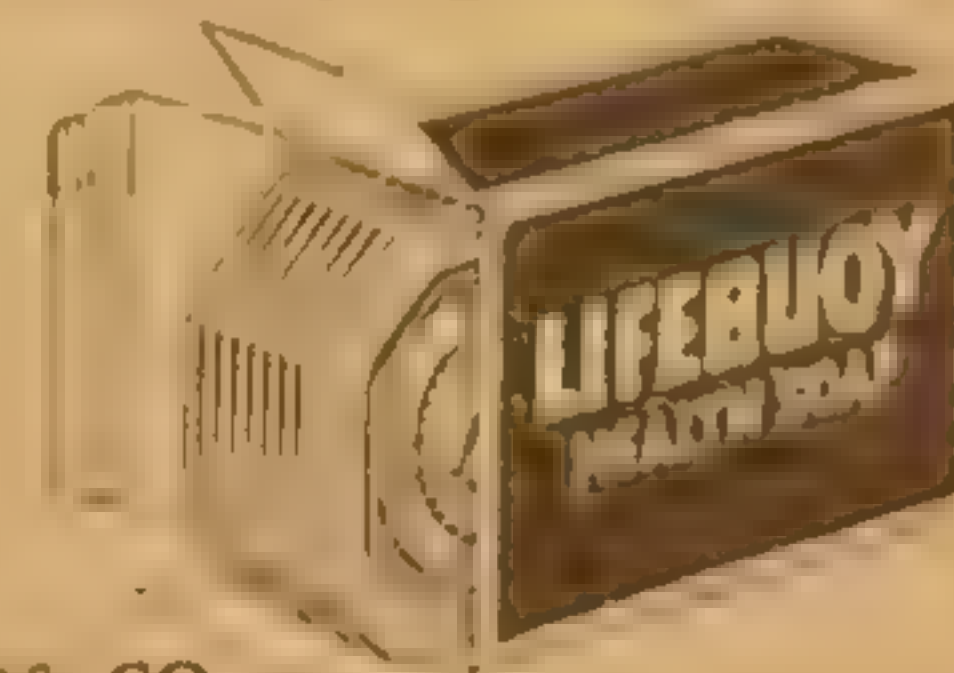
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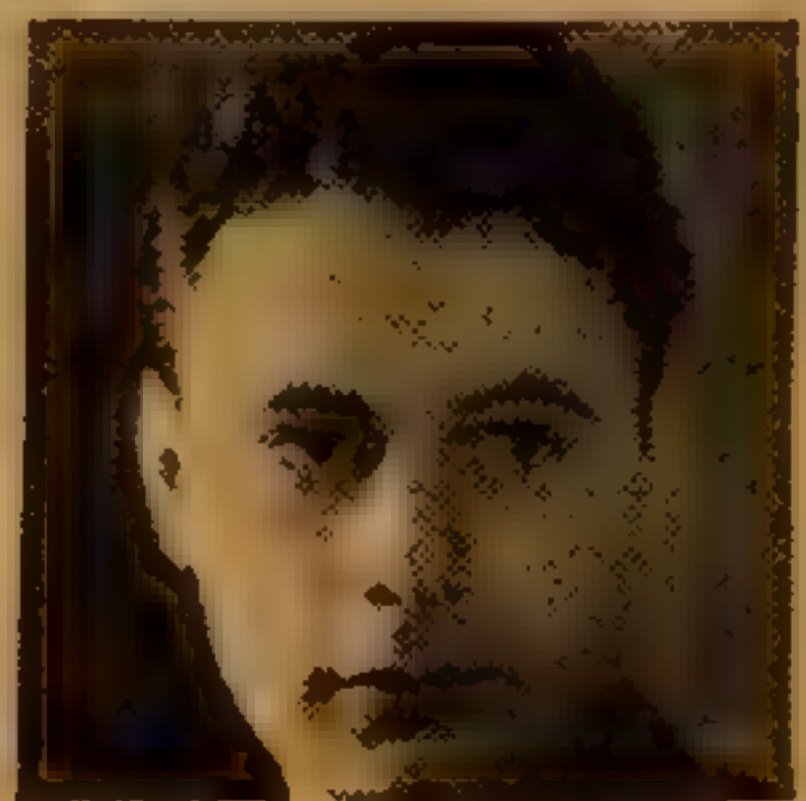
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his problems, his joys and sorrows. There's drama packed into every face you pass in the streets. I'd like to enact all their varied rôles for the screen!"

That's the way Muni talks about his job. And his job is his most vital interest. It's not all that he knows, by any means. But it is what he knows best. And for the readers who have what the French call a "beguin" and what we call a "yen" to be movie stars, here's what Paul has to say about how to do it.

"My only training as an actor has been—acting. If you want to be a writer—write. If you want to be a fighter—box. And if you want to act, just go ahead and do so.

"I quit school at twelve and went into a Cleveland stock company with my parents. I hid my kid's face behind a set of whiskers and became an aged grandpap in my first rôle. I aged rapidly. That is, by the time I was fifteen I'd played parts of men from fifty to eighty years old.

"The first time I appeared without the face-foliage and the putty nose, I give you my word I felt naked! Did you ever have one of those dreams in which you're caught in a crowd without your clothes? It was the same sensation. Only recently have I assured myself that it isn't necessary for me to worry if my nose gets jostled a bit in a movie kiss. I know now it won't come off!

The Ambition of His Life

"IF I can send the audience from my pictures with just one big moment that it won't forget, I feel that I've accomplished something fine. And when I reach the place where I can convey great, tearing emotions from the screen without saying a word or moving a muscle, I'll be happy. I want to be able just to stand, still and silent, and communicate what I feel to the folks out front. Then I will have arrived as an actor!"

Paul Muni, you see, has ideas and ambitions. He's articulate about them, too. For he's far different from some of the movie darlings who, as the saying goes, know what they want, but can't spell it!

Modest, he doesn't underestimate his craftsmanship. To pretend to blush unseen would seem to him hypocritical. And Muni is no hypocrite. He doesn't care the proverbial fig about the inconstant glories of stardom. Give him a part to play—and he'll do the rest. He knows that a real actor can steal any picture from a synthetic star, who is merely hung in the movie heavens like a tinsel ornament on a Christmas tree. The real stars will shine even through clouds of supervisors!

The best authorities of the theatre, and in the movies, too, have told him in so many words: "If you don't get a swelled head, or dissipate, or do rash, foolish things, you'll be the greatest actor in the theatre, in the movies, in America and in the world!" And invariably he replies: "I never have done any of those things, so I don't believe I'll bother starting."

What he says is true. When he's not working, you'll find him at home. And if you register a little surprise at finding a movie star home, he'll ask blandly enough: "Why not? You don't know a better place, do you?"

There he is, and there he stays. All foolin' aside—curled up with a good book. He continues to cling to a life-long habit of reading the volumes he considers necessary to the continuation of a man's education. And in a life like Muni's, education never ends. This, perhaps, is the secret of his impressive background. This, and the little fact that although he quit school at twelve, he was at the time in his second year of high school. There's a mind, apparently, capable of understanding and retaining what it absorbs.

(Continued on page 76)



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You'll note the amazing difference in Max Factor's face powder. Each shade is a color harmony tone...composed of scientifically balanced chromatic colors. It creates an even-color, satin-smooth make-up; and eliminates entirely off-color, spotty and powdery effects.

Tested under blazing lights and before the camera by famous stars, you may be sure your make-up will appear perfect under strongest artificial or day light. Exquisitely fine in texture, it blends invisibly with the skin. So soft and velvety, it never "shines"...and it clings for hours, too, for stars will not trust a face powder that fluffs away.

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Max Factor's rouge, lipstick and eyeshadow, based on the same amazing color harmony principle, are fifty cents each. Purity guarantee in each package. At all drug and department stores.

Find the way to intensify your personality with make-up in color harmony for your type. Mail coupon.

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★Cosmetics of the Stars★HOLLYWOOD

Purse-Size Box of Powder... FREE

MAX FACTOR, Max Factor's Make-Up Studio, Hollywood, California. Without obligation, send my complexion analysis and make-up color harmony chart; also 48-pg. illustrated book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up." I enclose 10c for postage and handling. Include Purse-Size Box of Powder, in my color harmony shade.

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	Grey... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Only... <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy... <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel... <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE	LIPS
	Brown... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Moist... <input type="checkbox"/>
Medium... <input type="checkbox"/>	Black... <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE	Dry... <input type="checkbox"/>
		Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE
Ruddy... <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES	REDHEAD	
	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	Light... <input type="checkbox"/>	
Olive... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark... <input type="checkbox"/>	

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Platinum Blonde Wins Stardom And Husband as a Redhead

(Continued from page 41)

Finally, I asked why she did it. Her answer was simple and characteristically honest: "Because the public likes me that way, and even in these depressed times is willing to pay to see me doing that sort of rôle. I'm sort of an Eternal Other Woman, I guess—at any rate I'm enough of a novelty to have established a vogue. And as long as it's popular—why, what else is there to do but continue to exploit it?"

"Of course," she went on, a shadow crossing her forehead, "there is the inevitable penalty. Too often the kind of people I naturally like are suspicious of me and aren't as kind as I'd like them to be. For instance," she pointed out, "I like you. But have you gallantly asked the young 'loidy' out to lunch? The answer is no!"

Later (as much later as it requires a young "loidy" to get her hat and coat and be conducted to one of those places where the afternoon is gone before you know it) I sought to come to the defense of my seeming negligence.

"You admit being a sort of Eternal Other Woman to your women observers—but did you ever stop to think that to the men you look like ten million dollars' worth of trouble? Why, just from looking at you, how could one think of approaching a girl like you without being bowed down with orchids and diamond bracelets and things? And in these days, as you may have heard, most of us are lucky if we could bring you a lollipop!"

Feels Cheated of Friendship

"I KNOW," she said. "And, of course, I can't help but feel sorry that my screen self has made people—well, think I must be a gold-digger and such in life, too. I miss the normal relationships of life—miss them dreadfully. Working as hard as I do, I have small chance to go about much, to form new contacts and associations. Modern life is such a matter of touch and go, hit or miss, that few of us have a chance to learn about one another as was the custom in more leisurely periods. We have to take our friendships on the run, the first bounce, these days. And consequently when I meet new people—and find, as is almost invariably the case—that they already have formed their opinions about me, what is there to do but simply abandon the idea of developing the acquaintance further?"

"It's unfortunate, because if there is one thing more important to me than the rest, that thing is friendship. And I have so few chances to gain real friends! Judging me by the parts I play, women instinctively distrust me. And men—but perhaps the less said about the general attitude of men toward me, the better.

"It's small fun being an actress off the screen. I'll tell you that truthfully. I'm young, and I like to do the things and go the places that all girls do—but how am I able to do so when I'm so tired at night from my work that often at dinner I scarcely say three words to my mother and father?"

An Actress' Inner Thoughts

"AND then this flood of gush that a well-known figure is subjected to! People using the slightest pretext to come up and tell you how much they admire you. Admire you nothing! It's that shadow they've been looking at—not you, not the kid, herself. They know nothing of the real you—the person that you, yourself, really respect. And when that person is so different from the one on the screen—!

"But all of that adulation, no matter how

hard you try to shrug it off, does something to you. Sub-consciously you begin to wonder, whenever anyone shows an interest in you, no matter who it may be, if it isn't the actress and not the person that he is interested in. Would he be thus attentive if you were an unknown girl? That's the horrible part of fame—the distrust it inculcates in one!

"That is why so many of us in the lime-light are driven in upon ourselves as we are. My circle of very close friends is extremely limited. Naturally, I'd like more—but I'm leading a theatrical life, and that's that."

These were Jean Harlow's thoughts just before she went on her recent record-breaking personal appearance tour last Spring. On the tour, she was forced to hold fast to her opinion that it was Jean Harlow, the screen siren, that the crowd was interested in, and not the Jean Harlow who was also Harlean Carpenter. To that end, four or five times a day on her tour, she clothed her lovely, long-legged figure in one of her famous white satin gowns and went through an amusing skit designed to give the public what it wanted: i.e., an in-the-flesh look at the celebrated meanie-queen.

The Chance of a Lifetime

THAT tour was no child's play. Its strain affected Jean's nerves and her health, and while she did not deviate from her allegiance to the East, she returned to the Coast—and pictures—without regret. When, soon after arrival, she was chosen for the title rôle of "Red-Headed Woman" (after two hundred and fifty actresses had been tested for the part), she had a million-dollar thrill. She was immensely intrigued—and still is—by what "Red-Headed Woman" might do for her. The red hair (a wig, by the way) not only changed the Platinum Blonde's appearance, but altered her whole outlook toward her future. She now sees a glimmer of a chance to be a new Jean Harlow.

"After that rôle, inflammatory though it was, maybe I'll have my chance to get away from totally unsympathetic parts," she told me this time. "The character in the picture was changed considerably from what she was in the book, and while she still couldn't be termed a 'good' girl, I think she's going to have a measure of sympathy. Because she was funny, through it all—and how we need humor these days! I'm holding the thought that maybe audiences have been coming away saying, 'Wow! What a woman!' And I want that—I always want people to feel that they've received a full measure of entertainment for the money they paid to see one of my pictures."

Wise as Jean is about her career, a day is coming when she will leave it—and leave it without regret.

"There are so many other things in life!" she exclaims. "This business practically absorbs one to the exclusion of everything else, because one simply hasn't the strength for anything else. Last year I made seven pictures in eleven months. During that time I went out dancing only once. It's a rarely-broken rule with me to be in bed every night by nine-thirty. I have to be, to keep fit—and to keep from having circles under my eyes. Naturally, I realize that there are a million things I'm missing—that there is so much to know, about which I know nothing, undeveloped details of my growth.

"But for the time being the path I'm following is my life. The other things must wait. Next year I hope to have three

months in Europe; it may be a delayed honeymoon trip. My book is half-written, but it is difficult to know when I will have the time to finish it.

Never in Love Before

"I'VE never been in love until now. I was married the first time at sixteen—and what can a sixteen-year-old girl know of love? That marriage was unfortunate and failed, but I'm a believer in the institution. It must be all right to have survived as long as it has. The fault is that so many people enter it with such odd ideas. In other words, it is not matrimony that is wrong—it is the people who don't respect its few simple rules.

"I have been a little dubious about its happening to me again. I've said to myself: 'At least, it won't occur until a man comes along who is able to distinguish between my real—and my reel—selves!'"

Jean's marriage on July 2 to Paul Bern, M-G-M executive, was a surprise to Hollywood—and Jean says it was a surprise to her, too. He had usually been her escort at the few openings and parties she had attended, but there was no hint of a romance until a week before their wedding. In fact, some gossip writers had just finished commenting, "There hasn't been a romance rumor about Jean Harlow for months"—when she and Paul Bern visited the Marriage License Bureau.

"We had often talked of marriage casually," Jean reveals, "but no more than that. Then, suddenly, he asked me to marry him. And, suddenly, I knew that that was what I wanted more than anything else in the world. Here was the man who could distinguish between Jean Harlow and Harlean Carpenter!"

Jean is twenty-one (her birthday was last March); Paul Bern is forty-two. He is one of the most popular and respected men in the movie colony. It is little known outside Hollywood, but he is almost the only friend who stayed by Barbara La Marr to the tragic end; and he it was who saw that she had a decent burial. Other unhappy, unlucky stars have come to Paul Bern for help, and have not been turned away. He has been called "The Kindest-Hearted Man in a Heartless Town" and "The Little Confessor of the Stars."

He has been rumored engaged, at various times, to many of the famous beauties who have been his friends—among them Barbara La Marr, Jetta Goudal, Estelle Taylor, Leatrice Joy. But the girl he asked to marry him—forty-two years a bachelor—was Jean Harlow. Or, if you know her as she is, Harlean Carpenter.

She is likely to continue in her career—perhaps under the personal guidance of her producer-husband, who gave his bride his sixty-thousand-dollar home as a wedding present. And the man who understands Jean Harlow as she really is, is likely to see that she gets rôles that are sympathetic—rôles that will allow her to be a new Jean Harlow! And the very fact that she is married will win her more friends with women—and will not keep men from wanting to see her. That's my guess about this newest of the stars. What's yours?

Did You Know That--

Barbara Stanwyck is the only star who does her own screaming on the screen? The others fear hoarseness.

Helen Hayes, now making "A Farewell to Arms" with Gary Cooper, says, "It looks as if I'm in Hollywood to stay this time"?

Ethel Barrymore, now making "Rasputin: The Mad Monk" with brothers John and Lionel, may also be "in Hollywood to stay"?

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Hollywood Change Muni, or Will He Change Hollywood?

(Continued from page 72)

Never Played Himself

Paul saw Muni in a café, strolling the sidewalk, among a gathering of friends, and he wanted to know more about him. He was struck by something in his manner, in his poise, in his poise that is instantly compelling. Scarcely a "pretty boy," quite definitely not the "perfect profile," there's a madness of brow, a tilt to the chin, a fire in the smoldering eyes that make you want to hear about him, to meet him.

And when you do, you'll feel in five minutes that there's stardust sprinkled in that curly mane of hair tossed back from his forehead. That here is an unusual person, even in that Mecca of the Unusual which we call Hollywood. He'll talk easily of his work—but you'll find it difficult to guide the conversation into personal channels. Paul regards Muni, the actor, as a sort of third person, and as such he will discuss the merits and faults of the player and his play. But for some reason he considers himself, as himself, uninteresting.

"In all the years since I came to America in 1901 as a baby I have never played myself in the theatre," he'll tell you. "Occasionally I have portrayed young men, and my face has been my own, but never have I essayed a character endowed with my own personal mannerisms. It wouldn't be fair to the audience. I'd be cheating. Personally, I'm not interesting!"

Such a remark leads one to wonder what Paul's portrayal of Muni might be. Surely he, like the millions mentioned, has his own story, his drama. Arriving from Austria, the third generation of show folks, becoming an American almost in name only—being in the country, but not of it. Then the long apprenticeship and the final triumph in his struggle for recognition—a recognition only in the Ghetto and by the few from another sphere who realized the virile state of the Yiddish theatre.

Broadway, and a new triumph in a new world. Then Hollywood, doubts and fears of the new medium to be dispelled and obviated. And once more the paeans of praise accorded motion picture success, cheers echoing around the world from China to Chinatown—everywhere movies are shown! Here, indeed, is a Personality as fascinating "off" as "on" the screen!

Of motion pictures, Will Hays has often said that no romance of the movies is half so fascinating as the romance of the screen itself. And, somehow, this applies to Paul Muni. Of the hundreds of parts he has played, of the hundreds he will play, none may be so enthralling as the one that we shall never see him act. The part of the Austrian, Muni Weisenfreund, genius of the Yiddish theatre—now Paul Muni, Hollywood's trebly gifted star—and one hundred per cent American!

Did You Know That—

Mrs. Fredric March—known on the stage as Florence Eldridge—is entering the movies, herself, in "Thirteen Women"?

Billie Burke—the Broadway star and wife of Florenz Ziegfeld—is likewise facing the cameras (and John Barrymore) in "Bill of Divorcement"?

Amelia Earhart Putnam, the feminine Lone Eagle, turns down movie offers with a laugh, saying, "Can't you imagine me in the movies?"

Renée Adorée, completely well after twenty-one months abed in an Arizona sanitarium, has had to learn how to walk again?

Like the Stars

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TEAR-PROOF

MAYBELLINE

Brilliant eyes that mirror the emotions—eyes that glow when the heart sings—eyes that speak when words would fail to convey the fullest meaning. Yes, alluring eyes—the kind that make Thelma Todd and other stars of the screen popular with millions. You can have them. And instantly!

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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 67)

Maybe it was because the folks seemed so determined to show Charlie how glad they were to see him. There was a world of Hollywood sympathy in those six curtain calls Charlie took after the first act.

Not that Ray's performance called for any sympathy—he is splendid in the rôle of the bewildered idealist. But, somehow, you felt that so much depended on this stage appearance. For four years Charlie has been playing stock engagements all over the country with one hope in view—another chance in Hollywood. The previous hit of Colleen Moore in "The Church Mouse" at the same theatre must have raised his hopes considerably. (Colleen was signed by M-G-M following the Hollywood run of her play.)

Now, if the movie folks really want to show Charlie how glad they were to see him, another chance on the screen, which he so richly deserves, will prove it.

HELENE COSTELLO (the ex-Mrs. Lowell Sherman) and Hugh Trevor (Betty Compson's former beau) are stepping out high, wide and handsome. Wherever you see Helene, it's a cinch that Hugh won't be more than a couple of steps away. They appear devoted, though at the time of the Lowell Sherman divorce suit, Helene said something about "being through with marriage." We shall see . . .

GEORGE O'BRIEN'S former flame, Cecelia Parker, is now receiving corsages from Junior Laemmle. George has switched his floral offerings back to Marguerite Churchill.

CLAIRE WINDSOR did not sit idly by and do nothing about it when Mrs. Marion Young Read, Oakland society woman, charged her with alienating the affections of her (Mrs. Read's) husband. Claire filed a counter suit charging attempted blackmail. Mrs. Read was suing Claire for the neat sum of \$100,000. Claire, in her reply to this suit, alleged that Mr. Read had represented himself to her as an unmarried man, and then later as a married man about to get a divorce. She admitted that she once was "very fond" of him, but stated emphatically: "There was nothing improper in our conduct." Mrs. Read has sued her husband for divorce, naming Claire as co-respondent.

DOROTHY LEE has returned to Hollywood and her flame, Marshall Duffield, protesting that "Marsh" (of U. S. C. football fame) is the only man in her life. That means that Fred Waring, the orchestra leader, is a closed book, so far as the peppy Dot is concerned. And is Duffield happy? Wedding bells are expected as soon as Dorothy's divorce from Jimmy Fidler becomes final.

LAST month it was Billie Dove and George Raft that were keeping the gossips agog about romance rumors. This month Billie has switched her affections to Austin Parker (of Miriam Hopkins fame) and they say it's serious!

DID you know that Ethel Barrymore hates to be interviewed by women reporters? The reason is that she is just plain frightened of them. So far Ethel has been interviewed by ten men—and one woman.

(Continued on page 82)

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Right in your mouth is the best formula for mouth health—the salivary fluid. But slowly, modern conditions—mental strain—noise—haste, are stopping the flow of this precious fluid. When this flow is no longer sufficient, widespread tooth decay, bad breath, unhealthy mouth conditions prevail.

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Bullets, Bolo Knives and Broken Bones Haven't Stopped Tom Mix

(Continued from page 25)

staged a pitched battle in the street, as was the custom of those days. I got in the way of a wild bullet from a politician's gun and stopped it with the fleshy part of my left leg.

"The closest shave I ever had, though, was the one I got right through here." Mix pointed to a region below his heart. "I was a U. S. Marshal on river duty near Capablanca, Texas. That was in 1904. I was on the lookout for rustlers who were driving cattle across the border into Mexico. I followed a band herding about a thousand head of cattle and caught them just as they were fording the river. One of the rustlers plugged me through the ribs. A couple of inches higher and I'd never have known what hit me.

"It was in Oklahoma that I got shot up worst. During the years that I was a Marshal in that state, I was plugged seven different times. There isn't much to tell about these shootings. I was chasing outlaws who would come out shooting at the sight of an officer. I was lucky not to have been shot oftener.

"Much of this was due to the reputation I had in those days. I was proud of my record for arrests without gunplay and I reckon some of the fellows I captured respected my desire to bring 'em in alive. I know a lot of 'em shot only as a last resort."

Shot Twice by a Murderer

"DID you ever kill a man, Tom?" we asked, feeling like a very small boy.

"One," was the reply. "And I don't like to think about it. I didn't shoot the fellow until he had plugged me twice, through the arm and the stomach."

Mix is extremely reticent about discussing the man he killed and only after considerable urging was the whole story told. He was sheriff of Washington County, Oklahoma, in 1909. Two horse-rustlers killed a rancher in cold blood and made off with his herd of live stock.

"The rancher was a friend of mine and he was shot from ambush while he was cooking a meal at his campfire one evening. A rifle bullet bored him clean through the head from temple to temple.

"Chasing those two rustling murderers was my job, outside of the personal angle that they had killed a friend of mine. I was on the trail for three weeks before I located them in a mountain hideout. Then for two days I scouted around, watching them, so I could learn their habits. I had to get them separated in order to have any chance of making an arrest.

"The third morning I stole down to their barn before daylight and lay for the one who came out to feed the hosses. I jumped him and got him tied up all right, but the noise of our tussling warned his pardner. He came a-gunning. I yelled to him to surrender, as he was surrounded by officers. Reckon he knew I was alone, for he kept on shooting. First he hit me in the arm and then in the stomach. So I had to shoot him. All I wanted to do was to put him out of commission, but I had the tough luck to kill him."

Though badly injured himself, Mix succeeded in bringing in the other rustler alive. Although he didn't say so, it is more than likely that this unfortunate occurrence had something to do with Tom's resignation as an officer of the law. At least toward the end of that same year, 1909, Mix turned his talents to trick-riding in the circus.



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DETROIT

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"A very funny thing about my injuries is that I suffered only one broken bone in all the years I rode range and hunted out-laws. I had to get into trick-riding for the movies and circuses before I got really bunged up. I've been making pictures off and on since 1913 and have been in the hospital forty-seven times during that period with fractures and severe sprains. And somebody asked me not so long ago if film work was dangerous!

"When I said only one broken bone, I was thinking of the fractured shoulder I got when my hoss was shot from under me once in Texas. I wasn't counting the breaking of my nose in China during the Boxer uprising. That was an odd injury. I was pushing an army artillery wagon into position for action when an enemy shell took the wagon right out of my hands. A splinter from the spoke broke my nose and other splinters took all the skin off my head from the forehead back. I was scalped quicker than you can skin a cat."

"Any other war injuries?" we inquired.

"Got shot through the jaw in the Spanish-American. Sniper's bullet hit me in the mouth, knocking out my front teeth and tearing out a piece of my jaw. Should have taught me to keep my mouth shut, but it didn't.

"I was knifed in the Philippines—hand-to-hand encounter with a native armed with a bolo knife. Wicked weapon. And I got a bayonet wound on the Mexican border. That's all.

"I counted up once and found I had been knifed twenty-two times. When I was a sheriff and marshal, a lot of the bad men were knife killers. They were dangerous fellows—more dangerous than most gunmen. You never could tell when they were going to strike.

Knifed Once by a Woman

"ONCE I was knifed by a woman—a Mexican. With my pardner, Joe Neill, I was out after a murderer, Ned Burton, I believe his name was. This Burton had a peculiar history. He was a faro dealer in Oklahoma, got paid ten dollars a night for dealing. One night he got into a crap game after the faro table closed and ran his ten dollars into a couple of thousand.

"Unlike most of the fellows who make an easy pile, Burton didn't blow it in foolishly. He used his money to grub-stake himself on a homestead claim and married a girl he was interested in, who worked on the line. A couple of years passed and he was doing fine. His wife, though, tired of ranch life and took to going into Oklahoma City, she said to visit her relatives. Actually, what she did was to go back to her old life for a couple of weeks.

"Well, a neighbor of Burton's tried to tell him what was going on. Burton wouldn't believe him, threatened to kill him for slander. He was finally persuaded to investigate. He went to the City and found his wife just where his friend said she was—on the line. He killed her without a word, then gave himself up.

"Public sympathy was all for Burton and the boys framed it for him to escape. A sheriff's officer was to take him to a bar-room, outside of which was a hoss all saddled and ready to go. The barkeep slipped Burton a gun and he made good his escape. Just to make it realistic, the officer chased him to the door and fired a few shots in the air. But Burton lost his head. Misunderstanding, he turned and killed the officer.

"The murder of an officer of the law could not go unpunished, according to the code of that day. So the gang was turned loose to catch the fugitive. It was a couple of years before we got trace of him in New Mexico, running a sheep ranch near Sunny-side. He had taken a Mexican wife.

"Joe Neill and I were sent out to get him.



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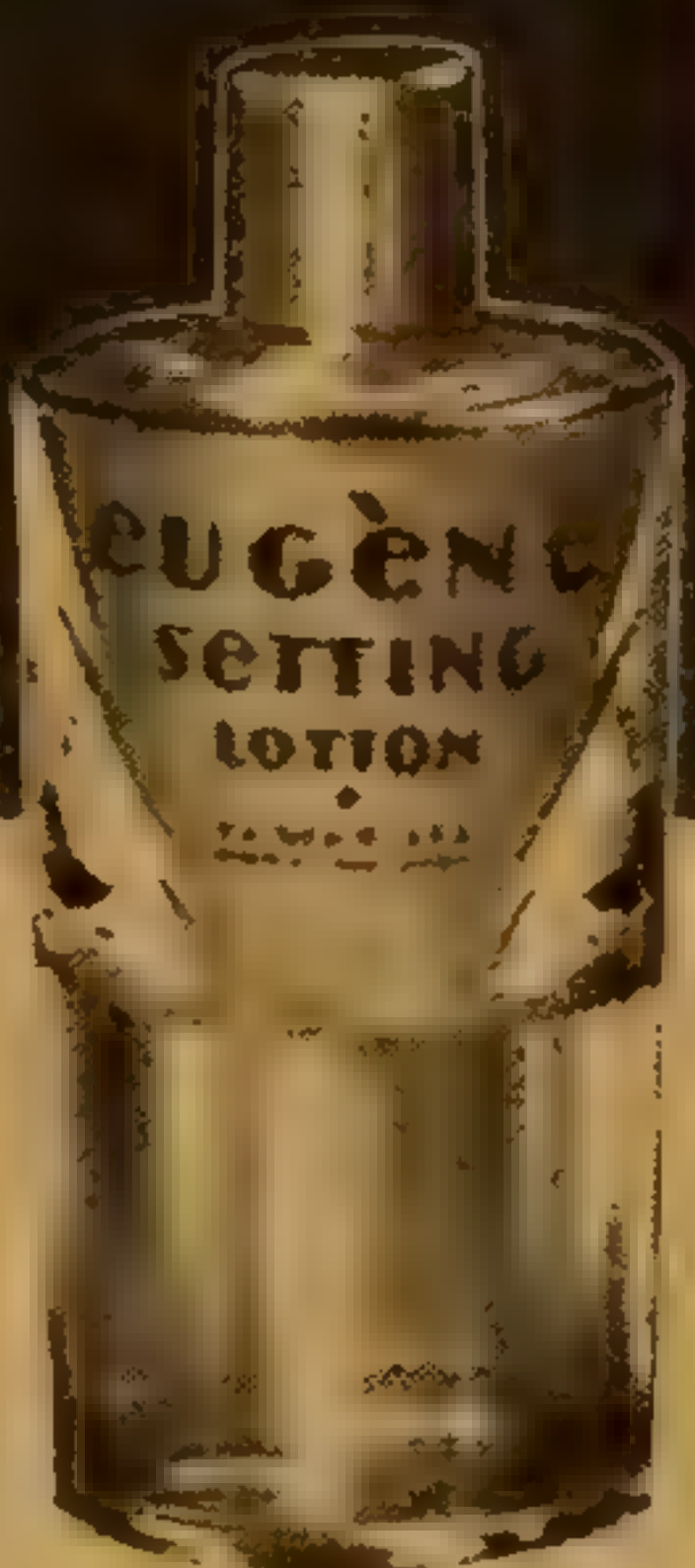
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He must have been warned, for when we got to his house, we found evidence of a hasty departure. The Mexican woman said her man had been gone for days, but we found fresh tracks and followed them to a nearby canyon. Joe and I split. He took one side of the canyon and I rode in from the other.

When the Woman Slashed Him

"I HADN'T gone very far when I heard a shot, followed closely by another. When I found my pardner, he was down, a .45 through his lungs. A short distance away lay Burton, dead. Joe died in my arms. Before he passed, he told me how he had come upon Burton, called to him to surrender and when the outlaw raised his gun, had shot him. Joe used a light .32-.20 and the bullet, while true, wasn't heavy enough to stop a man. Burton shot before he dropped, getting Joe.

"Taking the two dead men, I returned to the sheep ranch. As soon as that Mexican woman saw her man, she started for me. She knifed me pretty badly before I could get her tied up. Next day I had to take both bodies and that crazy woman into town. She was sure a bad 'un.

"I reckon I won't go into the other knifings. That one makes the best story. I've told you about all the shootings except the time bank robbers got me in Tennessee and the shot I stopped from a Hollywood bandit.

"This last fellow got into the house and I came across him toying with the silver. He went out the window and I followed without stopping to pick up a gun. He must have heard me running after him and he turned to fire over his shoulder. His bullet plowed through my shoulder and I dropped. A second later he dropped, too. The tarnation fool wasn't looking where he was going and he ran right into a tree, knocking himself cold.

"That about completes the score. I've had some narrow escapes but I'm still among those present. There isn't a single one of the things I've told you about that I wouldn't rather go through again in preference to the appendicitis operation I had last November. That busted appendix was the closest call of all."

"Do you know," asked Mrs. Mix, "that Tom had one hundred and fifty-nine stitches taken before his last operation?" Turning to her husband, "And how many did they take for the incision, dear?"

"About thirty," grinned Tom. "Did I ever tell you about my operation?"



Madge Evans found this tiny dog on the studio lot where she was working and adopted it for her own



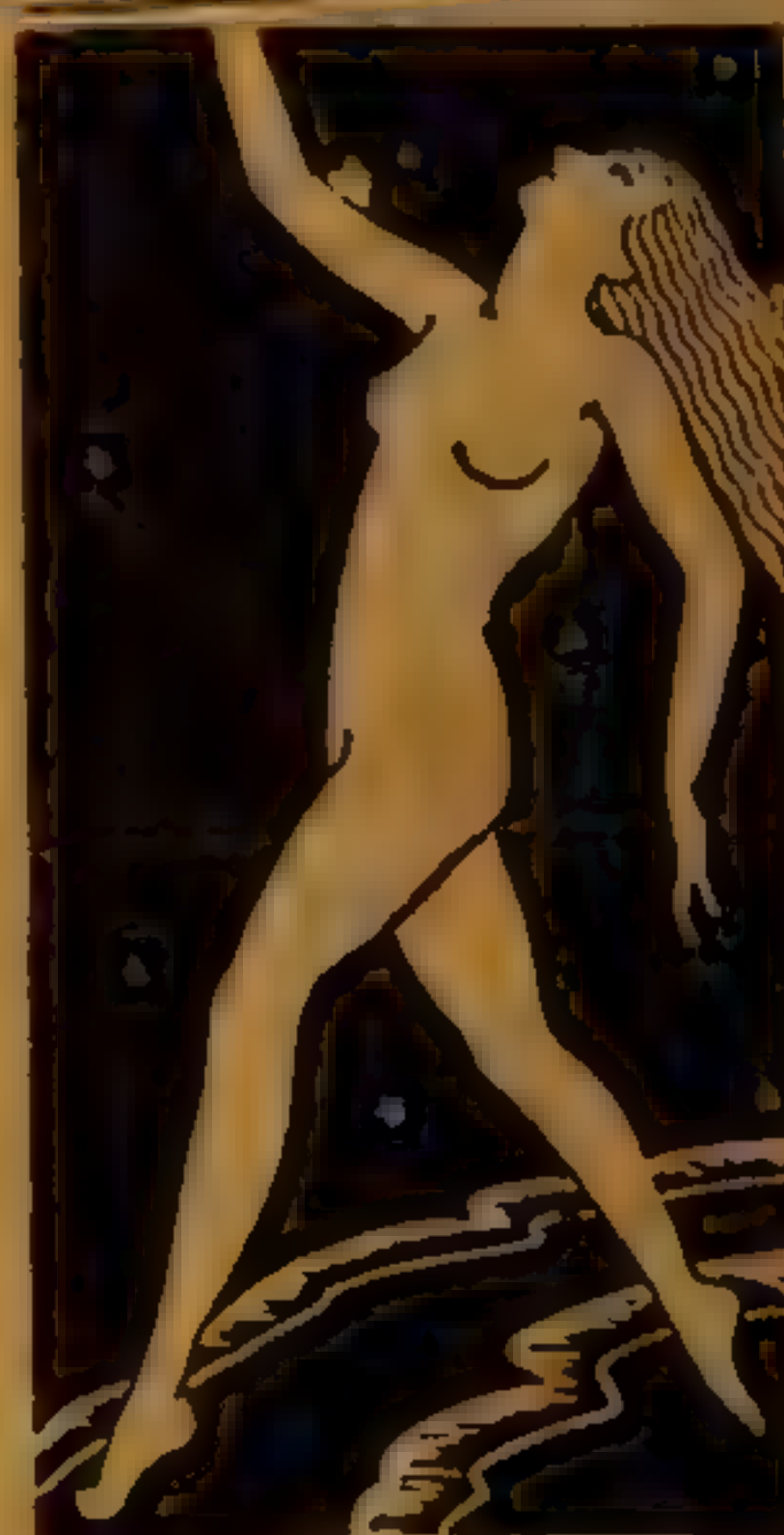
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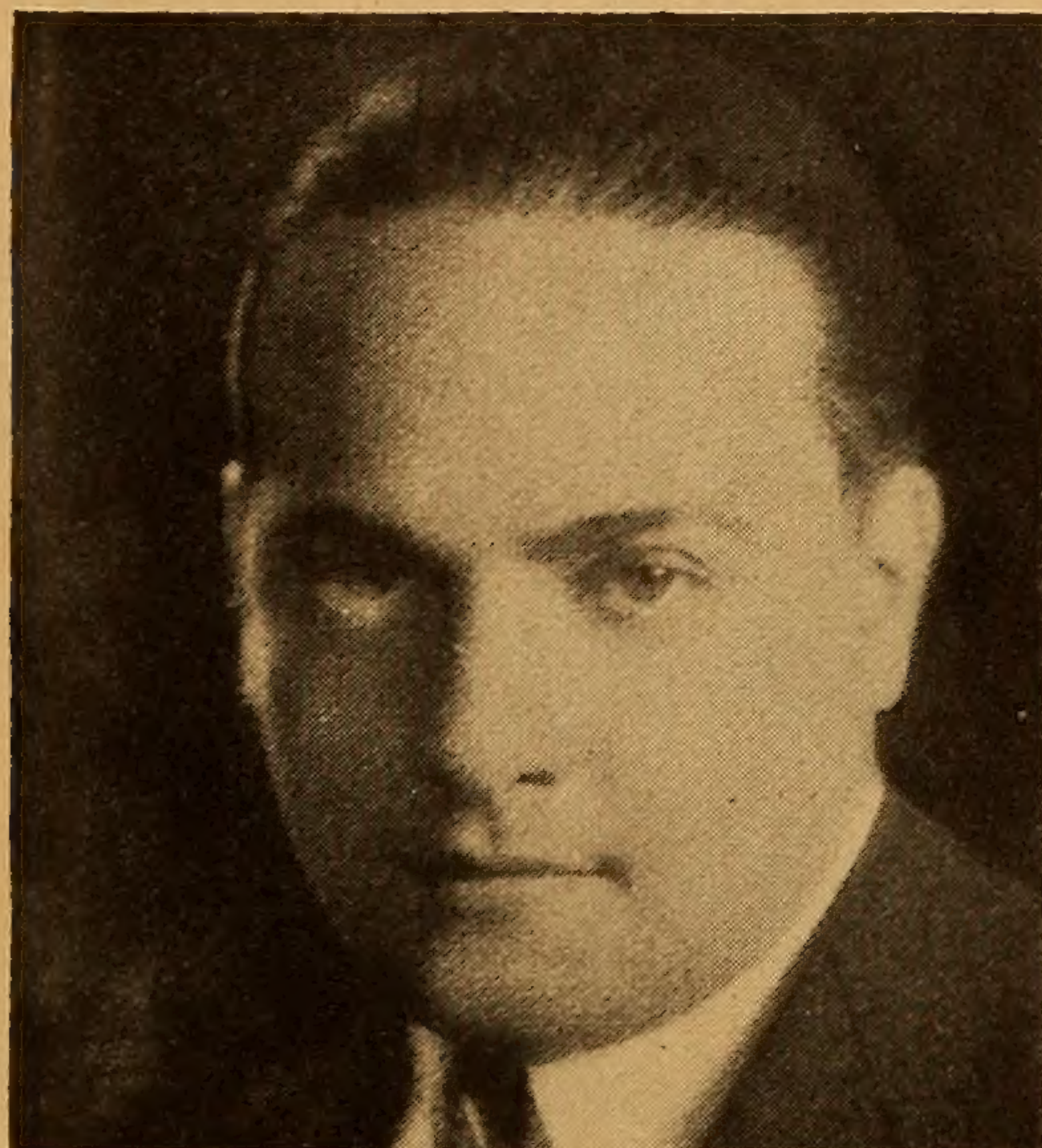
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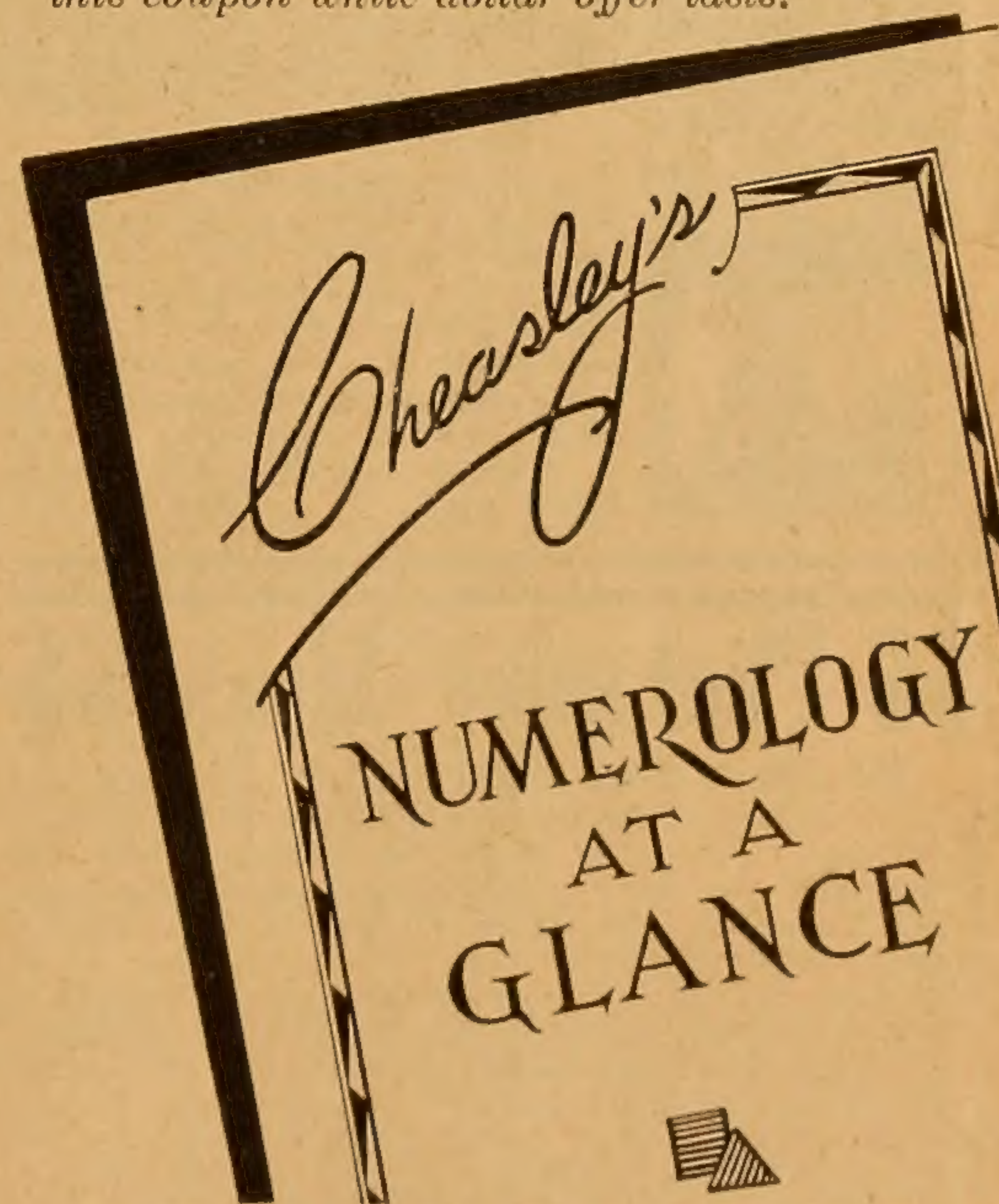
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Looking Them Over

(Continued from page 77)

GRETA NISSEN and Weldon Heyburn newlyweds of a few months ago, a suspected of plans to "call it off." Even though they frequently make appearances in public together at the Culver City night clubs, talk has it that it won't be long now until the finale.

ELISSA LANDI is a very lucky girl. She was one of the few stars who managed to get out of the Beverly Hills bank closing before the institution called a temporary "quits." It happened this way:

Elissa wanted to buy a home, but she was worried that perhaps the one she had in mind was too great an extravagance. For a couple of weeks she pondered the decision, wondering whether to buy or not to buy. Finally, she decided that she must own the lovely home—and, what's more, she paid cash for it.

Exactly one week before they closed the doors, Elissa checked out her Beverly Hills balance. And is she happy?

EVERYONE who has had the privilege of meeting her is crazy about Ethel Barrymore, who is playing with brother John and Lionel in "Rasputin." (She plays the Czarina.) To employ a very common phrase for such an illustrious member of the royal family seems slightly out of order, but they say Ethel is "one grand scout."

She is particularly amused at the seriousness with which Hollywood takes Hollywood. The other evening she was invited to a dinner party and made the mistake of referring to the movies as "the business" and the producers as the "bosses." It was none other than Mary Pickford who seriously pointed out to Ethel that the correct references are, respectively, the *industry* and the *executives*.

AN editor for a local publication recently sent down his staff photographer to take Sunday frolic shots along Malibu Beach, playground of the stars. Finally, the photographer arrived at the home of Harry Bannister, who was apparently giving quite a nice, gay party. Several very pretty blonde girls were draped about the Bannister beach. Harry was invited to pose with a couple of the ladies.

But he flatly refused. When pressed for a reason, he said with dignity: "I would not want to embarrass Ann Harding!"

If that isn't post-divorce chivalry . . . ?

IN every picture, Joan Crawford's lower lip becomes more and more protruding. After watching several reels of the pouty, well-rouged lip of la Crawford in "Letty Lynton," a certain movie reviewer said:

"That lower lip is going to come in handy in 'Rain.' They can use it for a water break!"

WE hear that before Mary Brian left Hollywood on another personal appearance tour she sweetly, but definitely told Russell Gleason that there wasn't a chance of wedding bells for them. Russ is said to be quite broken up about it.

OWEN MOORE and his wife, Kathryn Perry, are not going through with last month's contemplated divorce plans. Owen and the popular "Kate" have decided to forget their differences and make up!

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